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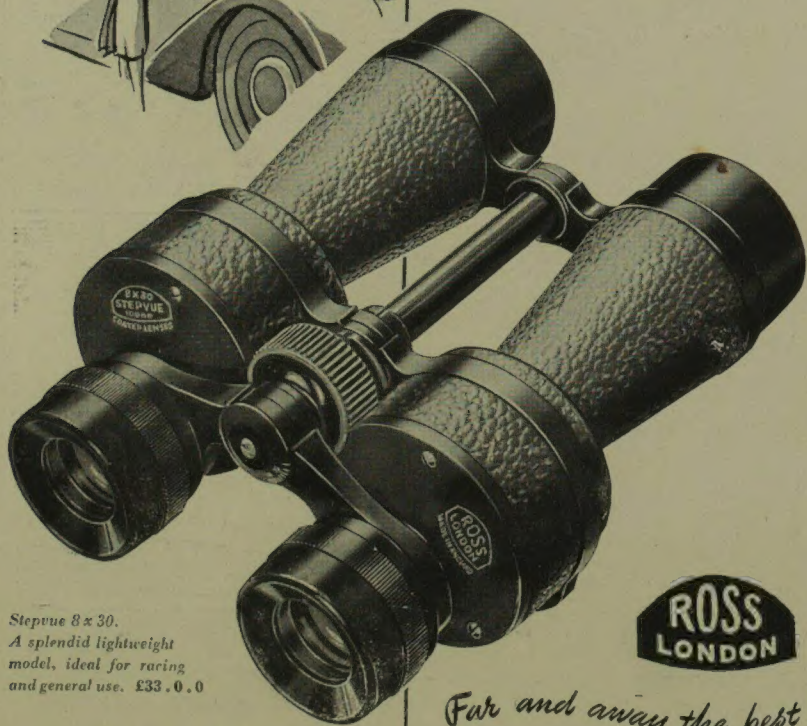
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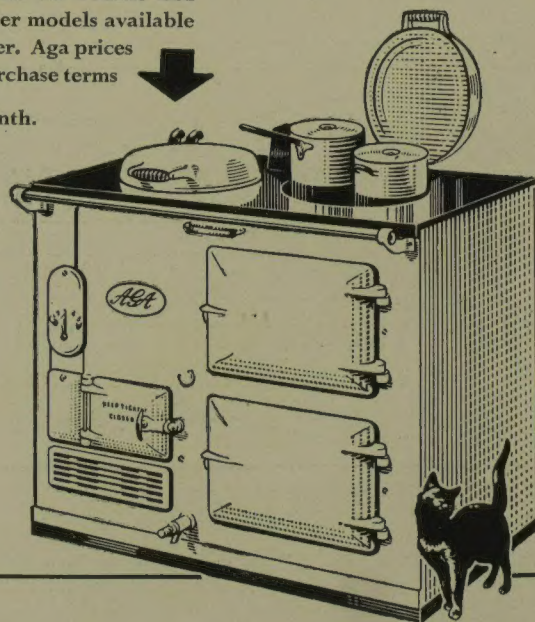
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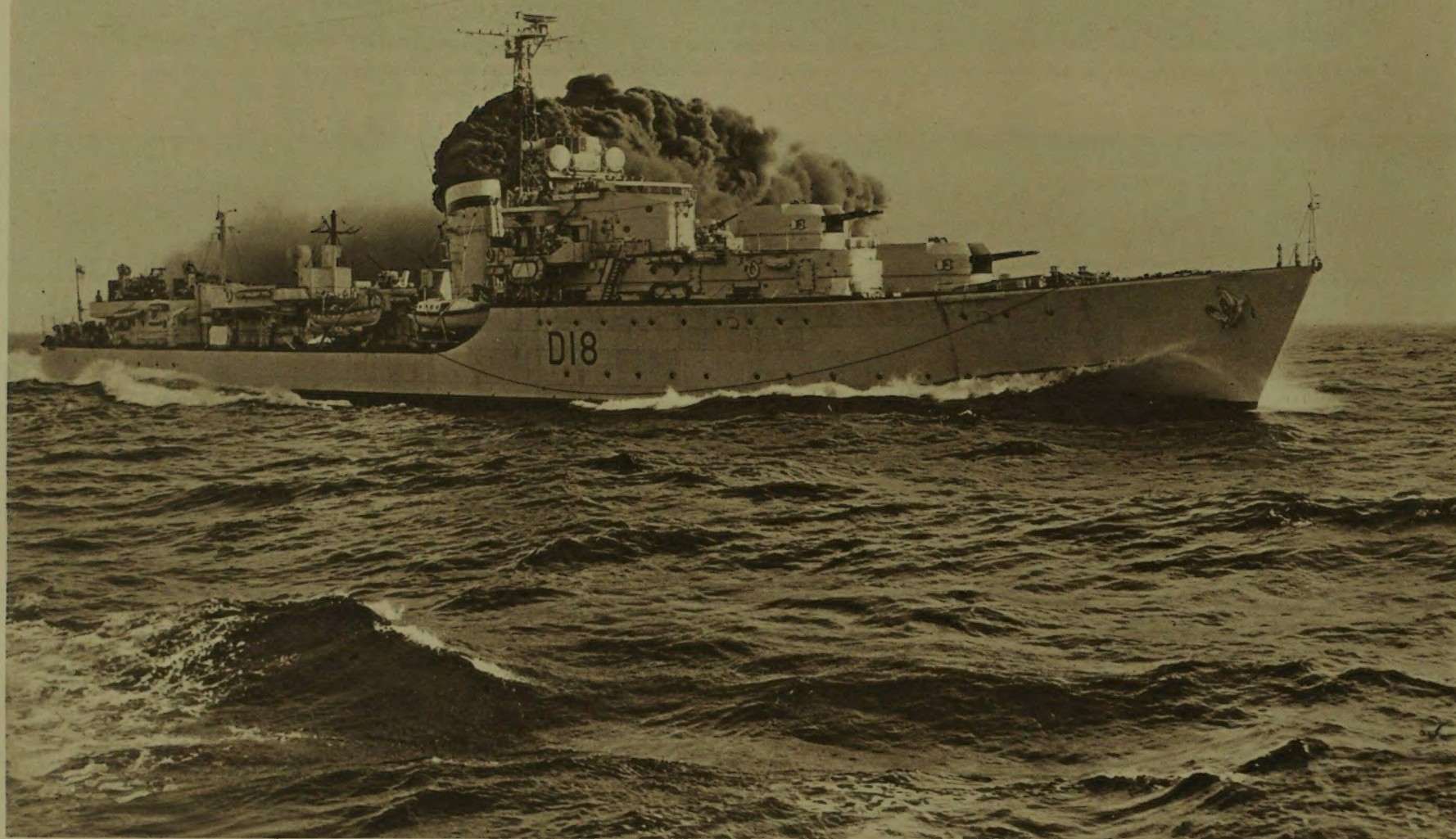
SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1950.



A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH OF A PHASE OF AIR-SEA AND ANTI-SUBMARINE EXERCISES: THE DESTROYER ST. KITTS DROPPING DEPTH-CHARGES IN MID-CHANNEL AT THE BEGINNING OF THE HOME FLEET'S SUMMER CRUISE.

Ships of the Home Fleet are now carrying out their summer cruise programme under the command of Admiral Sir Philip L. Vian, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., the Commander-in-Chief, who is flying his flag in the aircraft carrier *Implacable*. The programme includes flying training, anti-submarine manoeuvres, and exercises with ships and aircraft of other Western Union nations. Until early in July the Fleet will be

engaged in home waters, most units operating in the English Channel area until early in June and afterwards in Scottish waters for a month. Our photograph shows *St. Kitts* (2315 tons; Commander G. A. G. Ormsby, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N.) dropping depth-charges in mid-Channel. Other photographs of vessels of the Home Fleet on their summer cruise exercises appear on following pages of this issue.



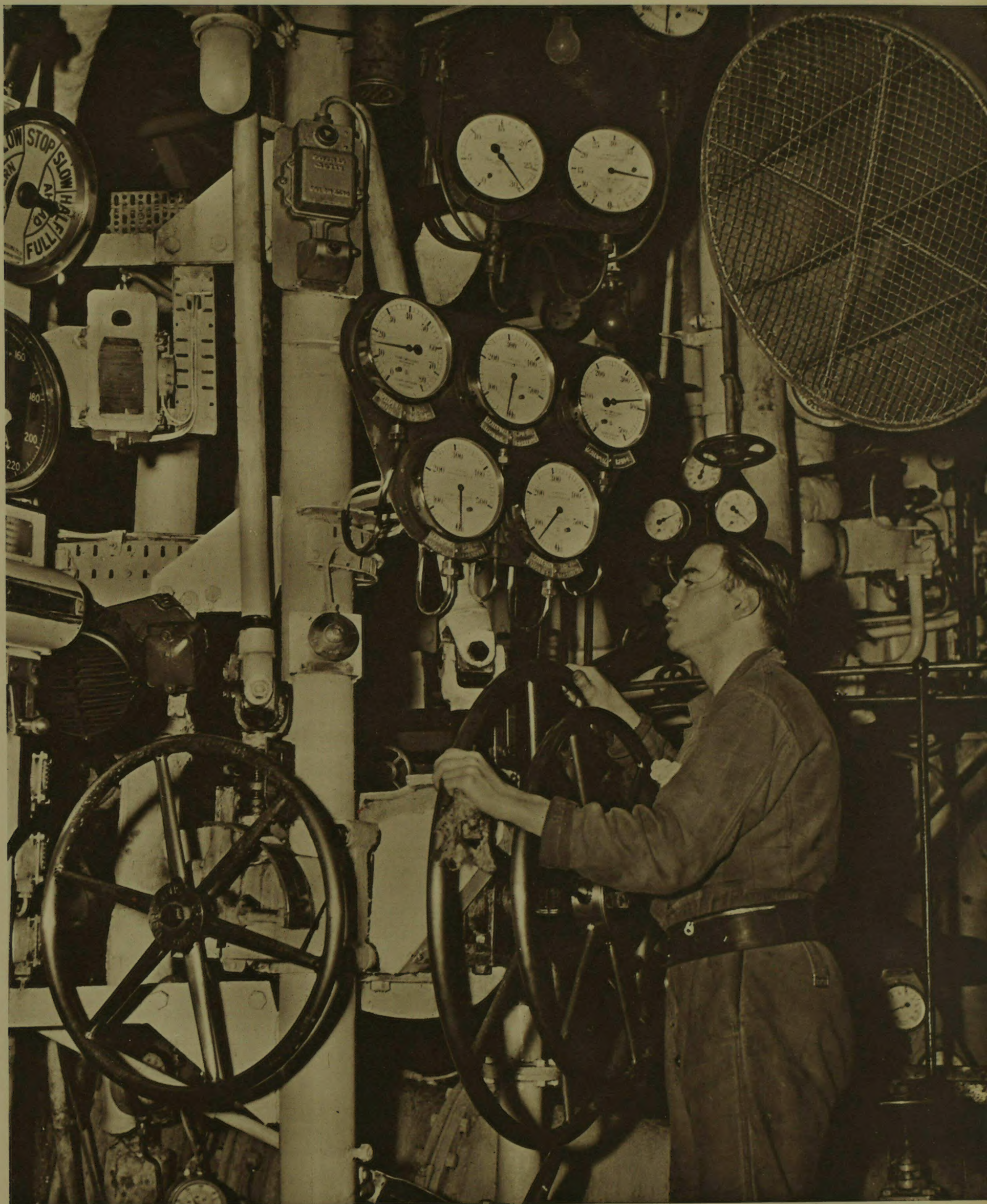
LAYING A SCREEN WITH FUNNEL-SMOKE AS SHE STREAKS THROUGH THE ENGLISH CHANNEL: THE DESTROYER *ST. KITTS* (COMMANDER G. A. G. ORMSBY, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N.).

SHIPS from three destroyer flotillas are taking part in the Home Fleet's Summer Cruise which, as recorded on our front page, opened with intensive air-sea and anti-submarine exercises in the English Channel. Our photographs show "Battle"-class destroyers of the Fifth Destroyer Flotilla. A number of home ports and resorts are being visited by ships of the Fleet during the exercises. *Sluys* (Cdr. I. L. T. Hogg, D.S.C., R.N.) was due at Portree from May 20-22; *St. James* (Cdr. C. W. Malins, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N.) is to be at Loch Eribol from June 26-30; *Gabbard* (Lieut.-Cdr. E. F. Baines, D.S.O., R.N.) at Broadstairs from July 20-25; *St. Kitts* (Cdr. G. A. G. Ormsby, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N.) at Lowestoft from July 21-25, and *Solebay* (Capt. T. V. Briggs, O.B.E., R.N.) at Gt. Yarmouth from July 20-25. Many ships were scheduled to visit Londonderry during the month of May and Rosyth in June and early July. The third phase of the cruise takes place in July, when ships of the Fleet will sail from Scottish waters to Scandinavia to pay official visits to ports in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium and Northern Germany.



A NOBLE MARINE PICTURE, TAKEN FROM ON BOARD *SOLEBAY*: THE DESTROYERS *ST. JAMES*, *SLUYS*, *GABBARD* AND *ST. KITTS* (FRONT TO REAR) RETURNING TO PORT AFTER EXERCISES IN THE CHANNEL.

THE HOME FLEET'S SUMMER CRUISE: DESTROYERS TAKING PART IN THE AIR-SEA AND ANTI-SUBMARINE EXERCISES WITH WHICH THE PROGRAMME OPENED IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.



A HUMAN LINK BETWEEN THE CAPTAIN ON THE BRIDGE AND THE MANŒUVRES OF THE SHIP: THE PETTY OFFICER AT THE MAIN THROTTLE CONTROL OF THE 50,000-S.H.P. ENGINES OF THE DESTROYER *SOLEBAY*.

Our page illustrates one of the highly responsible jobs which Petty Officers of the Royal Navy are trained to carry out. It shows the engine-room of the destroyer *Solebay*, a unit of the Fifth Destroyer Flotilla, which is taking part in the exercises being carried out on the Home Fleet's Summer Cruise. The dial on which the Captain's orders are registered may be distinguished on the left at the top, just

above the "Rev." counter, and when such orders are received and have been duly carried out, acknowledgment is made by a reply gong. A ventilator intake is seen on the right, and the numerous pressure gauges recording the steam pressure in the turbines are in the centre. *Solebay* (2315 tons) is a "Battle"-class destroyer (powered with Parsons geared turbines) and was completed in 1945.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"STRANGE," Charles II. used to say at the time of the Popish Plot, "how all my acquaintance keep a tame rogue." To-day, the preference appears to be for a tame Dictator of some kind or other. It is quite surprising, seeing how much as a people we detest the breed, how many public Englishmen appear to have a favourite, almost private, Dictator of their own: a little, friendly one, that is, on whose behalf they will fly, at whatever cost and inconvenience to themselves, into print. A few old-fashioned persons favour Franco, the Christian gentleman, with his sash and conservative taste in furnishings. More popular among persons of the Right is, or was until a few years ago—for his following seems to

have been declining a little—Salazar, one of the few dictators who has refrained from creating himself a Marshal and appears either to be without the ambition or even the opportunity of extending his dominions. Some, of a Leftist tinge, seem drawn to Tito—indubitably a very brave Dictator: others, a strenuous and vocal band, seem to like Stalin, and like him, apparently, very much. Then there are a whole regiment of new Oriental Dictators, most of them with faces and names, to say nothing of programmes, that make it difficult for a mere insular Englishman to distinguish clearly between them, but all full of high promise in their expectations of ameliorating, and ordering, down to the minutest detail, the lives of their own peoples as well, too, as other people's peoples. I have not, so far as I am aware, met anyone in this country who is a patron of Dictator Peron—I cannot remember whether he has yet become a Marshal—but I suppose that somewhere, possibly in the Hispanic Society, some person of such an unusual taste may exist. There are no Dictators, as yet, in North America, for "Bosses" are not, of course, true Dictators, since they exert power, not for its own fascinating sake, but for ulterior motives. Nor, I believe, are there any as yet in Africa. But in all probability they will soon appear there, for the Dark Continent, as it used to be called, is a historic breeding-ground for the species. Its ancient soil was manured for countless years with the bones of slaves and sacrifices—the fruit through all the ages of the dictator-tree. There was nothing new in Dachau and Buchenwald; throughout human history there have been thousands, perhaps millions, of Dachaus and Buchenwalds. There has only been one century, so far as we know, in the world's long, cruel annals, when such sort of places became the exception and not the rule, and that was the nineteenth century: the English century—the century won for humanity by Trafalgar and Waterloo and Lord Exmouth's bombardment of Algiers and many another strenuous fight by Englishmen. Possibly, now in their nineties, there are one or two old men living to-day who, as lads in scarlet tunics and pipe-clayed belts, marched through the African jungle with Wolseley to Kumasi. The revelation of what their great-grandsons found when they liberated Belsen must have seemed to them an old tale retold. Emperor Joneses in those old days were not confined to the stage and the celluloid screen. And unless the British race in general, and its Colonial Office in particular, can shake itself out of its absorption in paper forms and office formulas and rigid, sterile, administrative precedents and return to its real, natural bent for government by personal contact and personal example—the kind of government that was provided by a Brooke of Sarawak or a Chinese Gordon (whom a Bloomsbury intellectual—God help him!—once pilloried as a drunkard and a zany!)—we shall have Emperor Joneses and their like springing up all over that quarter of the world which men of our race a hundred years or more ago rescued from tyranny and slavery. The British Empire—that glorious creation of men who loved freedom and gentleness and gave their lives to their propagation and establishment, should have been called, in what is, after all, an imperfect and comparative world, not the British Empire but the British Liberation.

For once this land of ours lived by slaying dragons: and dictators are only human dragons. It was our historic mission, and probably, when we have rediscovered

our ancient faith in freedom, will become so again. An Englishman may think himself indifferent in such a matter until he has seen a slave, or a concentration camp, or a truck-load of men and women deprived of their liberty, on their way to jail or concentration camp at a dictator's bidding. After that his reactions are likely to become almost automatic and inevitable: like those of a mongoose to a snake. "You may remember," wrote Abraham Lincoln to a friend of his youth, "when you and I had a tedious low-water trip on a steamboat from Louisville to St. Louis. You may remember, as I well do, that from Louisville to the mouth of the Ohio, there were on board ten or a dozen slaves

shackled together with irons. That sight was a continual torment to me, and I see something like it every time I touch the Ohio or any other slave border." That was the natural reaction of a sensitive and just man of the Anglo-Saxon race to the institution of slavery, when seen in actuality: the institution which arises naturally wherever dictatorship long exists—for a man can scarcely remain a dictator for long without becoming ruthless and overbearing. One often hears it said that Britain, the nation which in the eighteenth century made money out of a horrible traffic in negro slaves across the Atlantic and then, disregarding its material interest, abolished it, was originally itself the creator of the slave trade. That is untrue: Africa, the home of millions of slaves, had traded in slaves long before the first English ship appeared off her

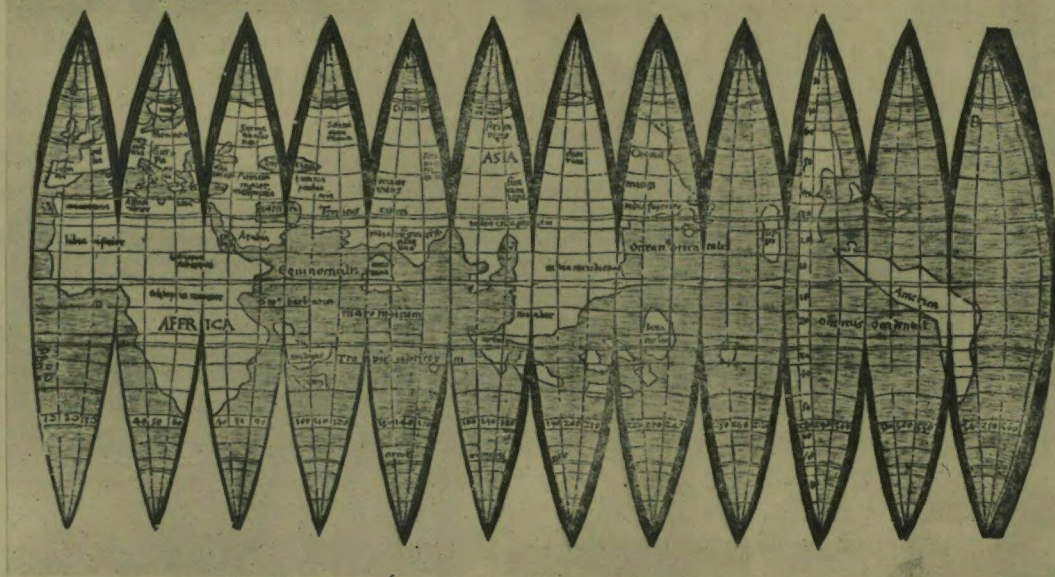
shores. England was not the originator of slavery or the slave trade: what England originated was the startling and novel principle that, wherever her flag flew, a man's shackles fell to the ground. In the early and mid-Victorian numbers of *The Illustrated London News* and of *Punch*, on which I grew up, one constantly recurring theme was a picture of a British warship or column of soldiers on its way to some cruel African or Asian dictator's stronghold, or a cartoon of an honest British sailor or soldier shaking such a tyrant as a dog shakes a rat. And that is just what British sailors and soldiers did. There was nothing new about the liberation of Belsen.

Sooner or later, I suppose, one of these dictators, or some big and better dictator still to emerge, possibly in that favourite breeding-ground of the species east of the Rhine, will prove to be the dictator of the hour: the dictator, that is, who challenges England and "has a go" for the mastery of the world. This, for a dictator, has something of the same distinction about it that playing Hamlet has for an actor, though it always seems to end in the same, for a dictator, depressing way. It also ends for England, as we have very good reason to know, in a very exhausting way. And having had twice to go to war in thirty years to knock down two particularly obnoxious breeds of dictators, I should like, in common with a growing number of other people, to see categorical measures taken to forestall and minimise the danger of that otherwise inevitable eventuality. A hundred years ago—to show there is nothing new in the danger—there appeared in the pages of *Punch* a poem which, not unaptly, sums up the present position:

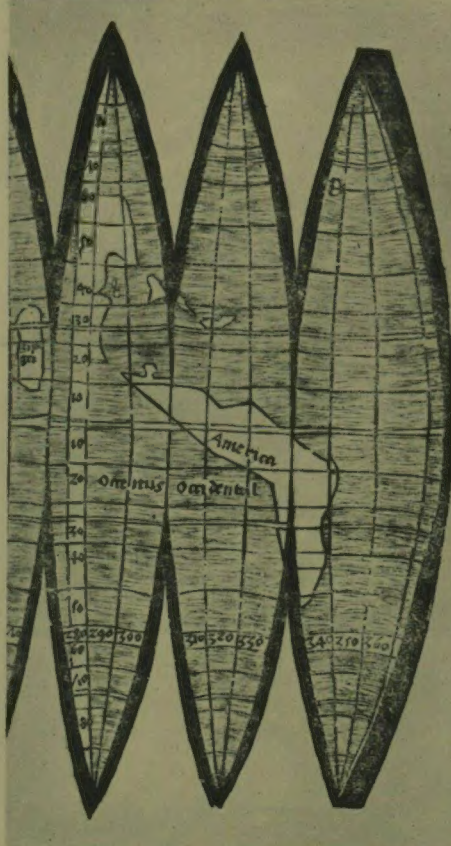
Ordinance the subject multitude for ordinance obey;
The bullet and the bayonet debate at once ally:
The mouth is gagged, the Press is stopp'd, and we remain alone
With power our thoughts to utter, or to call our souls our own.
They hate us, brother Jonathan, those tyrants; they detest
The island sons of liberty and freedom of the West;
It angers them that we survive their savage will to stem,
A sign of hope unto their slaves—a sign of fear to them.

I should like to see a joint declaration, unprovocative but unequivocal, by the United States and the Nations of the British Commonwealth, that they will fight, instantly and without delay, any dictator who in his dictatorial aggression infringes rights or breaks bounds clearly set out in that declaration. And I should like to see every proper and prompt step taken by the statesmen and peoples of these two great nation-groups to ensure for themselves and mankind the strength requisite for enforcing that declaration. Whether, if such warning proves unavailing, we pay the price for the survival of human freedom by a bullet or an atom bomb, seems to me immaterial; what matters is that we should not condone, any further extension of slavery or live as slaves.

THE FIRST GLOBULAR MAP ON WHICH THE NAME "AMERICA" APPEARS.



A GORED GLOBAL MAP IN CONNECTED GLOBULAR SEGMENTS AND CUT FROM ONE SINGLE WOODBLOCK IN 1507: THE UNIQUE HAUSLAB-LIECHTENSTEIN MAP OF THE WORLD.



BEARING THE NAME "AMERICA" ON THE THREE RIGHT-HAND SEGMENTS: A PORTION OF THE XYLOGRAPHIC PRINT WHICH, ACCORDING TO ALL RECORDED KNOWLEDGE, IS THE ONLY ONE IN EXISTENCE.

The Martin Waldseemüller 1507 Hauslab-Liechtenstein globular map of the world, on which the name "America" appears for the first time, was to be offered for sale by public auction at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York on May 24. The owner advised the Galleries before the sale that a previous *bona fide* private offer of 50,000 dollars for the map had been received and declined; in consequence, if no bids in excess of this figure were received the map was to be withdrawn. The gored global map engraved on wood, uncoloured, and in its original state, is 15 ins. long and 9½ ins. high. This map is considered one of the great treasures of the Hauslab and Liechtenstein collections and became known to the world after its publication and reproduction in the learned monograph written by Father Fischer and Professor von Wieser.



THE SECRETARY-GENERAL AND ADMINISTRATIVE HEAD OF THE FIFTY-NINE STATES WHICH COMPRISE THE UNITED NATIONS ORGANISATION: MR. TRYGVE LIE, WHO HAS RECENTLY PAID A PERSONAL VISIT TO MR. STALIN, IN AN ATTEMPT TO CLOSE THE EAST-WEST GAP AND RESOLVE A NUMBER OF INTERNATIONAL DEADLOCKS.

On May 3 Mr. Trygve Lie, the Secretary-General of the United Nations, announced in Paris that he intended to go to Moscow on May 10, that he expected to stay there a few days and hoped to have conversations with several high Soviet officials and, if possible, with Mr. Stalin. He denied rumours that he was the bearer of a personal message from Mr. Truman to Mr. Stalin, and said that the purpose of his tour (which would include The Hague, Geneva and Prague) was to get information directly from Governments. He had wished to see heads of States, explain the situation to them, discuss the various problems with them and obtain answers to a limited number of definite questions. Mr. Lie left Prague after what was reported to be a very mixed reception on May 10, and reached Moscow by air in a Russian aircraft on May 11. He was met by Mr. Gromyko, the Deputy Foreign Minister. On May 12 he is reported to have had a 90-minute conference with Mr. Vyshinsky, the Soviet Foreign Minister, being accompanied by Mr. Zinchenko, Assistant Secretary-General in charge of Security Council affairs and senior Russian member of the

U.N. secretariat. On May 15 Mr. Vyshinsky gave a luncheon in honour of Mr. Lie and later in the day Mr. Lie had a 90-minute talk with Mr. Stalin at the Kremlin, Mr. Molotov and Mr. Vyshinsky being present. On May 16 he made his first contact with the Chinese Communist Government, when he received Mr. Wang Chia-hsiang, the Chinese Ambassador in Moscow. On May 17, while still in Moscow, Mr. Lie said, in a prepared statement, that he had no reason to be dissatisfied with his talks, though it might not be possible to arrive at a final judgment for two or three months—perhaps longer. His discussions had been concentrated on the general international situation, including Chinese representation in the U.N., the "cold war" and the control of atomic energy. Mr. Trygve Lie, who was born in 1896, is a Norwegian, a Social Democrat, was a Minister in the Norwegian Labour Government before the war, and during the war was Foreign Minister of the Norwegian Government in exile. In February 1946 he was elected Secretary-General of the United Nations, a post which he has held ever since.

Camera portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.

IN THE HOME OF THE FLIGHTLESS NOTORNIS: TAKAHE VALLEY REVISITED.



ON ITS NEST: THE TAKAHE PULLS THE SNOW GRASS OVER THE TOP TO FORM A LOOSE THATCH WHICH KEEPS THE NEST DRY IN ALL WEATHERS.



AN EASY PREY FOR STOATS: A TAKAHE NEST BUILT ON THE GROUND AND (INSET) THE HEAD OF A TAKAHE, WITH THE EYE MOMENTARILY COVERED BY THE NICTITATING MEMBRANE.

IN an isolated valley set high in the forest-clad mountain country of New Zealand's southern fiordland was rediscovered, in November, 1948, a small colony of *Notornis*, a New Zealand bird which for over half a century was thought to be extinct. The *Notornis*, or takahe, as the Maoris call it, is a large species of rail, about the size of a big rooster, flightless, brilliantly hued and closely related to the smaller and common *pukeko*, or native swamp hen. This discovery was described and illustrated in our issues of December 11 and December 25, 1948, January 1 and February 26, 1949. Up to the time of the

[Continued opposite.]

(RIGHT.) KNOWN TO THE MAORIS AS "KOHAKATAKAHEA," THE NESTING-PLACE OF THE TAKAHE (*NOTORNIS HOCHSTETTERI*): THE UNCHARTED LAKE IN A CLOSED GLACIAL VALLEY WHERE THE BIRD WAS REDISCOVERED.



[Continued.] rediscovery by Dr. G. B. Orbell, an Invercargill physician and amateur naturalist, only four specimens of the colourful bird had been preserved in museums, and ornithologists had long held little hope of the survival of the species. Following the discovery, the New Zealand Government took prompt action to ensure that the rare takahe—the size of the colony is estimated at fewer than 100 birds—is given every possible chance of survival. Some 435,000 acres of the Fiordland National Park was declared a closed sanctuary, to afford protection to the few hundred acres in which the birds have been found. The Wildlife Branch of the Government's Department of Internal Affairs has worked out a programme to help the takahe survive. In the past year this department has sponsored several visits into Takahe Valley by small

[Continued opposite page]



SHOWING THE STRONG LEGS AND THE BONY FRONTAL SHIELD ON THE HEAD: A FEMALE TAKAHE MOVING OFF INTO THE SNOW GRASS WHEN DISTURBED.



ON THE RUN: A TAKAHE MOVING WITH A LONG, EASY STRIDE AND LIFTING ITS FEET EXTREMELY HIGH, WHILE THE TAIL BOBS WITH EACH STEP.

UNSEEN FOR WELL OVER FIFTY YEARS: THE EGGS OF THE TAKAHE OF NEW ZEALAND.



A TAKAHE INCUBATING TWO EGGS, THE MAXIMUM NUMBER FOUND IN ANY NEST SO FAR: THE BIRD HAS BEEN DISTURBED AND HAS ITS HEAD POINTING TO THE REAR, BUT THE CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE IS WITH THE HEAD TURNED TO THE SIDE.



A TAKAHE'S NEST WITH TWO EGGS: ONE EGG IS ALMOST DEVOID OF SPECKLING, WHICH HAS BEEN ATTRIBUTED TO A LACK OF SUFFICIENT PIGMENT IN THE BIRD.

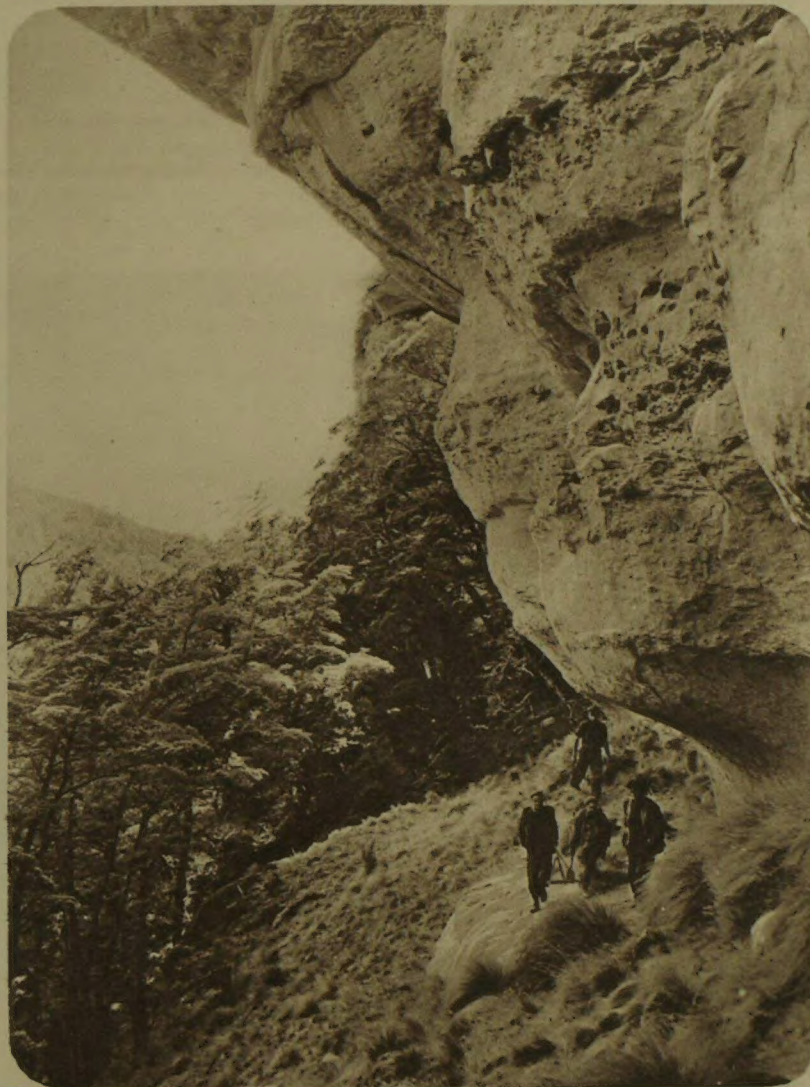


ABOUT 3 INS. LONG AND 2 INS. WIDE, CREAM WITH BROWN SPOTS AND PURPLISH BLOTCHES: THE EGG OF A TAKAHE (*NOTORNIS HOCHSTETTERI*).

Continued. parties of scientific investigators who have begun a thorough study of the bird's habits. Field officers of the Wildlife Branch have at the same time commenced a campaign to eliminate predatory mammals, mainly stoats, and the few deer which pass through Takahe Valley each year. The possible existence of other takahe colonies is also being investigated. One of New Zealand's leading scientists and ornithologists, Dr. R. A. Falla, Director of the Dominion Museum at Wellington, began his present studies of the takahe early in 1949, not long after its discovery. He again headed an investigating party to study the birds in December last. This most recent visit, in summer weather, also provided a fine opportunity, in spite of heavy rain at times, for a professional photographer and a cameraman from the Government's publicity and film organisations to make vivid records of the takahe in its secluded home. Dr. Falla's studies have led him to the view that the four specimens taken prior to 1948 were strays from the mountain valley habitat of the takahe. He supports the present measures to enhance the chances of the bird's survival and thinks that probably Takahe Valley has supported its maximum population of these birds for some centuries past. It seems that the limited amount of suitable feed, together with the takahe's voracious appetite, the rigorous climatic conditions and the bird's low fertility,

[Continued opposite.]

(RIGHT.) MEASURING AND RECORDING THE SIZE OF A TAKAHE'S EGG: (L. TO R.) MR. LOUIS GURR, ZOOLOGY LECTURER AT OTAGO UNIVERSITY, AND DR. R. A. FALLA, DIRECTOR OF THE DOMINION MUSEUM AT WELLINGTON.



(ABOVE.) WHERE HUNDREDS OF FEATHERS OF THE EXTINCT MOA, KAKAPO, KIWI, WEKA AND TAKAHE WERE FOUND: AN OVERHANGING CLIFF IN THE BEECH FOREST ABOVE NOTORNIS VALLEY WHERE A MAORI HUNTER'S ENCAMPMENT, ABOUT 100 YEARS OLD, WAS FOUND.

Continued. combine to bring about natural restrictions. Dr. Falla is of the opinion that there may be other similar areas sufficiently isolated to allow other takahe colonies to survive, but it remains, he thinks, a precarious prospect for such groups if they do exist. The takahe is a flightless bird with a richly-coloured plumage. The beak is not uniformly coloured; at the base and on the frontal shield it is scarlet and the rest is wax-pink, deepening at the tip. Head, neck and underparts are indigo, which becomes peacock-blue on the shoulders, merging into a bright sage-green on the mantle. The rump and tail are a tawny olive, with a white tuft under the tail. The feet and legs are rose-coloured, the eyes a reddish-brown.

UBIQUE—QUO FAS ET GLORIA DUCUNT.

"THE ROYAL ARTILLERY COMMEMORATION BOOK, 1939-1945."*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

I AM all in favour of Commemorative Volumes, but, though they must share the functions, I do not see why they should emulate the weight of tombstones. This survey of the achievements and fortunes of the Royal Regiment all over the world during Hitler's War is panoramically conceived and thoroughly well executed, as will presently be made clear. It is a great compendium of facts presented in the liveliest possible manner, lavishly illustrated, relieved by humour, and illumined by spritely and moving verses. But it would take a Hercules to lift it with one hand (I tried, and my abdominal muscles have not yet recovered), and to carry it at all involves a strain. "*Exegi monumentum aere perennius*" wrote Horace; but he wouldn't have wanted his Odes published in bronze. "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme," wrote Shakespeare, with the same justifiable confidence; but he would have taken a dim view had his publishers issued an edition of his Sonnets with every page a slab of marble. The Royal Marines have a motto which suggests their willingness to be ubiquitously amphibious; the Royal Regiment of Artillery proclaims its readiness to go wherever right and glory call it. But if either Corps had to take this book with it, it would rightly insist on some form of wheeled transport: motorised books would be demanded.

I am not trying to be facetious: Heaven forbid that I should be in relation to a theme like this. But this volume is not unique in its ponderability, there have been many such books in recent years; the publishers have squeezed into one unmanageable volume what should have been dispersed into two or three or four volumes, easier to handle and consequently likelier to be read. Had this work been a single copy, to be deposited in some shrine, and revered but not perused, with a page a day turned over by a verger, nobody could have complained. But it is a published book, on sale at a price, and the projectors presumably hoped that it would be fondly scanned, by the richer Gunners in their own homes, by the others in their British Legion Clubs and such institutions.

However. Once again regretting that I do not possess a private lectern, with or without a brass eagle supporting it, I crane my neck over a huge tome spread flatly on a desk. The effort is certainly well rewarded; seldom has a job been more thoroughly carried out than this one. The man responsible for this tremendous editorial enterprise (I gather this from the terse and spirited Preface by "Alanbrooke, F.M., Master Gunner," for there is no indication on the title-page) is Brigadier W. E. Duncan. He and his collaborators disclaim any attempt at a systematic history. "A detailed account of every action, even of every notable action, fought by a Regiment whose members played their part in every campaign and in every battle in every campaign in a world-wide war would call for many volumes. Nor would such a cold record of events be a fitting memorial to the men it is sought to honour. Here, rather, will be found a series of 'episodes' from the battlefields, quick flashes, illuminating moments of high tension and great gallantry, eye-witness accounts by those who took part in them of actions memorable perhaps because of the issues at stake, perhaps because of the skill with which the guns were handled or of some new and inspired improvisation in their employment."

It would be impossible in this space to give an adequate idea of the variety of the contributors or the range of the contributions to this remarkable album; even the list of the contents would far more than fill this page. It is evident from the start that there is going to be nothing grimly official about it. The first section is called "France 1939-40"; its first entries are called "Departure, by 'Gun-Buster,'" and "Sitzkrieg, or the Phoney War, by 'Tyke.'" Then suddenly comes "The Twenty Days' Blitz" and glimpses of the evacuation and preparations for it. A Brigadier, after a precise account of various

operations proceeds breezily to his climax: "The Corps Commander came into Divisional Headquarters several times, and each time left us knowing exactly what to do and quite confident of doing it. On the 28th he told us of the evacuation plan. We were to hold on till night and then fall back to the line of the Yser, short of the perimeter, which we were to hold till 50th Division came back through us. When they were safely on the perimeter we were to fall back and embark. We were to destroy everything not needed for that rôle before we left the Menin Ridge and send back forthwith all unwanted bodies. And it worked out just like that. The C.R.A. passed on his version of the orders to each commanding officer, visiting their H.Q.'s in turn. One of the 'attached' battery commanders thought he must be a fifth columnist, so he confessed some weeks later, and rushed off to 9th Field to check up. By tea-time there was nothing left to do, so we turned our attention to our own H.Q. This we reduced to what we thought was its essential minimum; all officers, one clerk, one cook and three despatch riders with the C.R.A.'s car and eight motorbikes. We had quite a discussion about what we should do with the unexpired [I thank thee for that word!] portion of our cellar. A suggestion that we should dope

O.C.T.U.s. This is brought to a close by a very poignant poem on the closing of the "Shop" by Major John Kendall who, under the pseudonym of "Dum-Dum," has amused and touched two generations of readers of *Punch*. In December, 1939, the R.M.A. at Woolwich was ordered to be closed. All its traditions, its associations, the affections of many generations of devoted men, the collegiate buildings, the statue of the Prince Imperial, were swept off the board with a stroke of the pen—I know not by whom but evidently by somebody with the sort of mind which loves mergers, chain-stores, and, ultimately, nationalisation—there is no difference between the mind of a Woolworth and the mind of a nationaliser, an expanding private capitalist and a State Capitalist. I don't know what has happened to the "Shop" now, not having set eyes on it for many years. For all I know to the contrary it may be a branch-office of the Monkey-nuts Scheme, or a Prison-Without-Bars for poor unfortunate boys of fifteen or seventeen who have been upset by their parents' differences of opinion and been absolutely obliged therefore to batter old ladies to death with coshes for the sake of seven-and-sixpence and a worn-out handbag. The dwindling band of Gunners who went through hell barebacked on horses at the "Shop," will remember it with tenderness. "Dum-Dum" sings:

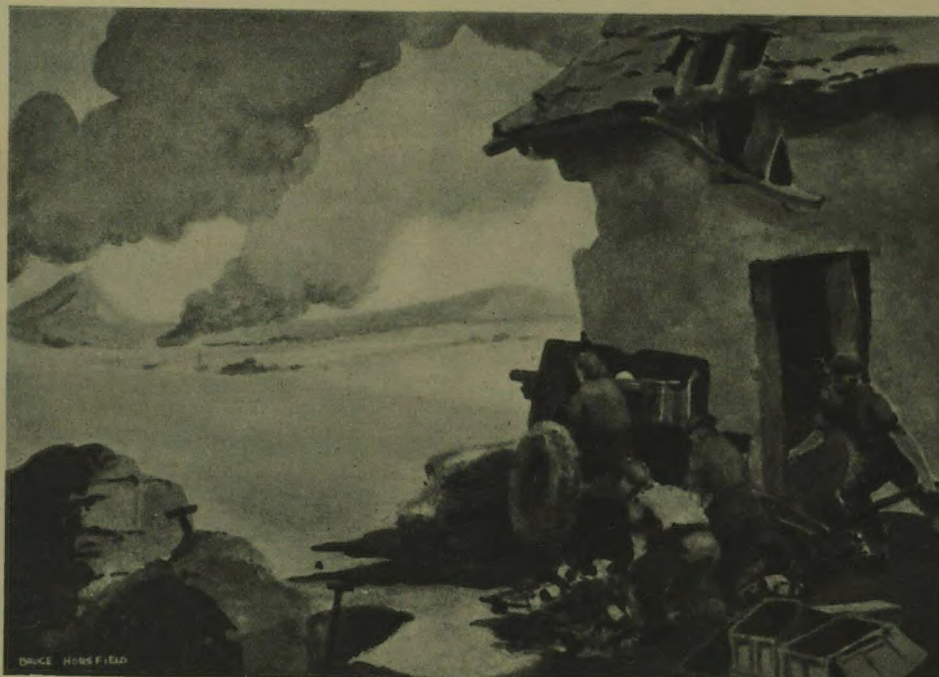
We long have walked our several ways
And are not like to meet,
But, brethren of those early days
Whom from afar I greet,
May it be ours again to mix
As oft of yore, and swop
In some great tea-squad o'er the Styx
Old memories of the Shop.

That has got me to page 83 of this book: in all there are nearly 800 pages; in the course of which we meet all sorts of authors, including Lord Wavell and Arthur Bryant. The last pages are filled with a Roll of Honour: those immediately preceding them (the whole book is lavishly illustrated with drawings and photographs, plain and coloured) are devoted to the family aspect of the Royal Regiment. The Gunners, of course, are not unique in that. I know a man who to this day grieves because of a long connection with the Regiment, that the Connaught Rangers, instead of being "axed" were not allowed to continue as a unit and keep a depot in England whither Irishmen (who flocked into the British Army in the last war) might go if they wished to serve in father's old regiment. I know an old Chelsea

Pensioner whose forbears and descendants have been in the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. "Once a Dook always a Dook" he occasionally says to me, twinkling and saluting. And I also know a taxi-man who always wears a Gunner's tie (such ties, in spite of the popular jesters, are life-lines, not halters) whose pride it is that his son was in the Gunners in Hitler's War, he himself in the Kaiser's War, his father in the Boer War, his grandfather in the Crimean War and his great-grandfather at Waterloo. There are pages of photographs here of families of officers in the R.A. who have fought and died in the Regiment over all that span of time. The rank and file have also had that sort of allegiance. "In September, 1939, when war broke out, the Bolton Wanderers enlisted as a team and fought together in the 23rd Regiment at Dunkirk, at Alamein, and in Italy." One at least of that lot must have had a Gunner father.

And the other day, in a place of public resort, while I was talking to the said Chelsea Pensioner, I overheard a seedy, seditious-looking creature saying to a boy that until the Labour Party got in nobody ever joined the British Army unless he was starved into it. "The poor little street-bred people" was, I think, Kipling's phrase. It is a pity that so many people should have so glorious and exhilarating an inheritance and know nothing whatever about it.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 836 of this issue.



ONE OF THE MANY FINE ILLUSTRATIONS IN "THE ROYAL ARTILLERY COMMEMORATION BOOK, 1939-1945": "TANK ALERT—NORTH AFRICA 1943"—A 25-PDR. OF 46TH DIVISION DEALS WITH AN ENEMY TANK. This reproduction is from a painting by Major Bruce Horsfield, R.A. (T.A.), who was serving as a subaltern in 74th Medium Regiment (Surrey and Sussex Yeomanry) in North Africa. It depicts an incident typical of the campaign when field-guns had always to be ready to engage armoured vehicles. Reproduced from "The Royal Artillery Commemoration Book, 1939-1945," by Courtesy of the Publishers, G. Bell and Sons,

it and leave it in a prominent position was turned down in the end as one over the odds, so we broke a ceremonial bottle over the bows of the Baby Austin and then went for the rest with picks. For an hour we satisfied every childish craving for wanton destruction, and I know the German had nothing out of us. It really was the greatest fun. During the day they dropped leaflets explaining our hopeless position and urging surrender. These were greeted with intense amusement and carefully treasured as souvenirs. The British soldier is a difficult person to compete with." A page or two later and we come to a sergeant recording the way in which A Troop, 139th (Army) Field Regiment R.A. "... hit their first armoured vehicle"—not sure, apparently, whether it was "one of ours or one of theirs." His narrative (and I can't pretend that I understand it all) begins: "The No. 1. of the gun was sitting quietly on the trail contemplating with some bitterness the train of circumstances that had resulted in his spending 190 francs of the detachment's combined funds on breakfast. Living 'on the country' was, at the moment, just as economical as living at the Savoy. He and his coverer had supplied most of the lucre up to now. To-day he would send Busty off on a foraging expedition. His own quad, carefully stocked up with tinned stuff before the balloon went up, was lying in a ditch near Plug Street suffering from acute indigestion owing to a large piece of shell-casing in its water-jacket. The vehicle that replaced it was as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard."

There follows a section on preparations at home; the forging of the weapons and the instruction of the

* "The Royal Artillery Commemoration Book, 1939-1945." Illustrations and Maps, many Coloured. (Published on behalf of the Royal Artillery Benevolent Fund by G. Bell and Sons, Ltd.; £5 5s.)

NEW LIGHT ON THE INDUS CIVILISATION: THE MOHENJO-DARO GRANARY.

In our last issue we published three photographs of the huge 4000-year-old granary excavated at Mohenjo-Daro during the last season's work. We publish here and on succeeding pages further photographs and an article by Dr. R. E. Mortimer Wheeler, Archaeological Adviser to the Pakistan Government and director of the Mohenjo-Daro excavations, who writes:

THE young Dominion of Pakistan is faced with many problems—economic, military and other—but has not been unmindful of cultural interests and has, in particular, taken steps to develop archaeological research. Its Governor-General recently opened a National Museum at Karachi, and appropriately a large room in this Museum has been devoted to relics of the Indus Valley Civilisation which, over 4000 years ago, occupied a large part of the territory that to-day constitutes West Pakistan. At the same time, the Dominion's Archaeological Department has chosen Mohenjo-Daro, in Sind, one of the two major cities of this ancient civilisation, as the scene of its first essay in excavation. The results have been striking, and have added appreciably to our knowledge of a riverine civilisation which in its day was comparable in many respects with the contemporary civilisations of Mesopotamia and Egypt. After its discovery in 1922, Mohenjo-Daro was submitted to a dozen years of large-scale excavation, with the result that it is now one of the most spectacular excavated cities in the world. It is a remote spot, in the midst of desert and tamarisk bushes, but its remoteness has not prevented crowded excursion trains from making the 24-hour journey recently between Karachi and the nearest point on the railway, accompanied by hot and dusty tours of the excavated sites. The renewal of the excavations has added point to the pilgrimage, and a summary of the new results may now be given. Like the sister-city of Harappa, which was described in *The Illustrated London News* for August 10, 1946, Mohenjo-Daro falls into two parts: the Upper City, or citadel, and the much larger Lower City at its feet. The latter was laid out in large rectangular blocks on a grid-plan, with straight main streets 30 ft. or more in width. On its western fringe rose the citadel, now eaten by the Indus floods into an archipelago of mounds, with crowded buildings raised on an artificial platform of mud and mud-brick to a height of 20 to 40 ft. above the plain. At the highest (northern) point a Buddhist shrine and monastery of the second century A.D. are a landmark for miles across the flat countryside (Fig. 4), but almost all the buildings round about it are earlier in date by 2000 years or more. Amongst them were included some of the principal religious and administrative buildings of the city, and the citadel was doubtless the headquarters of an autocratic priestly administration of a type

well known in the ancient civilisations further west. Two pillared halls, one of them with five aisles, a collegiate building, and a Great Bath or tank of the kind still used for ritual purposes in the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent, add details to the picture. And now, as the result of digging during the past two months, can be added a large and imposing granary (Figs. 2 and 6) adjoining the Great Bath on the western fringe of the citadel. Until a few weeks ago, this granary was concealed beneath a brick-strewn mound, 30 ft. high, which gave no sign of its contents (Fig. 3). But in the process of trenching its outer side in search of possible fortifications, the excavators came upon a high, sloping brick wall which at first appeared to be the expected curtain-wall and may, in fact, have served incidentally as a local shield to the citadel. Its primary purpose, however, was of a very different order. It turned out to be a part of the lofty podium of a granary some 150 by 75 ft. on plan and later enlarged (Fig. 2). The podium rose to a height of 25 ft. and had been pierced at the top by ventilation passages, above which the actual storehouse had been built of timber (Fig. 6). Along the northern side of the podium was a loading platform about half its height, also with a

sloping external wall, save where, near its outer or western end, it included a brick-paved alcove with a vertical inner wall, up which the supplies of grain could be hauled as they were brought in from the fields by bullock-wagon. The whole podium is in a remarkable state of preservation, standing in part to its original height. And structurally it shows an unusual feature of considerable interest. The external walls had been laced with timbers, some at right-angles to the face, some parallel to the face in the interior of the masonry, and some placed superficially as horizontal bonds. The decay of these timbers had in several places led to local collapses of

the brickwork, and it is unlikely that this form of building construction was long in vogue. In the granary, and in another structure to be mentioned shortly, its use tallies with the building of the citadel, and, though a similar short-sighted method is found in many places and periods, was probably here derived from timber-bonded mud-brick. It may in future provide a useful fixed point in the relative chronology of the site. In date, the granary was prior to the Great Bath, the main drain of which cut through its north-eastern corner, but the granary-annexe was proved contemporary with the Bath, thus combining with it to represent an epoch of maximum civic development. Immediately to the south of the granary were the remains of a large contemporary staircase leading from the level of the plain up to the platform of the citadel, with a well at its foot. The large granary, set prominently amongst the official buildings of the citadel, is a significant addition to the buildings of the city. It reminds us of the

(Continued overleaf.)



FIG. 1. A GROUP OF TOWERS AT THE SOUTH-EASTERN CORNER OF THE CITADEL. THESE HAVE JUST BEEN EXCAVATED, ARE CONTEMPORARY WITH THE GRANARY, AND ALSO EMPLOY THE "TIMBER-BONDING" METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION.



FIG. 2. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW ARCHÆOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT OF PAKISTAN'S FIRST SEASON OF EXCAVATION AT MOHENJO-DARO. IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND CAN BE SEEN THE HIGH-STANDING WALLS OF THE GREAT GRANARY, WITH THE LOADING RECESS IN FRONT; AND, IN FRONT OF THAT, TWO WELL-SHAFTS.



FIG. 3. "EX PEDE HERCULEM": THE "FOOT" FROM WHICH THE HERCULEAN BULK OF THE GREAT GRANARY OF MOHENJO-DARO WAS DISCOVERED—THE FIRST EVIDENCE OF A BRICK STRUCTURE, HIDDEN BENEATH THE GREAT MOUND OF SAND AND DÉBRIS.

Continued.

array of twelve small granaries with a similar aggregate capacity marshalled with other buildings in a cantonment under the shadow of the Harappa citadel, and implies a regulated system of grain-supply under the close control of the city

authority. In the economy of the period, it may be supposed to have fulfilled some of the functions of the State Bank and Revenue authority at the present day, and was doubtless sustained by a regulated scale of tribute. It is yet another witness

[Continued on opposite page.]



FIG. 4. THE "HERCULES" REVEALED: SOME OF THE VAST EXCAVATED STRUCTURES AT MOHENJO-DARO WHICH HAVE LAIN BENEATH THE SAND AND DÉBRIS MOUNDS (SEE FIG. 3). THE CIRCULAR BUILDING IS A MUCH LATER BUDDHIST SHRINE OF THE SECOND CENTURY A.D.

Continued.

to the high measure of centralisation which is represented to us at every turn in the remains of the city. Whilst the work on the granary was in progress, a supplementary excavation uncovered a group of massive defensive brick bastions still

preserved to a height of over 10 ft. at the south-eastern corner of the citadel (Fig. 1). They were built with or into the mud-brick structure of the citadel platform, and the earliest of them, probably contemporary with the Great Granary, shared with it

[Continued overleaf.]

MOHENJO-DARO: ILLUMINATING DETAILS OF AN ANCIENT COMPLEX CIVILISATION.



FIG. 5. EXCAVATING AT MOHENJO-DARO WITH THE AID OF PUMPS, 10 FT. BELOW THE PRESENT WATER-TABLE AND, EVEN SO, NOT REACHING THE EARLIEST LEVEL.



FIG. 6. THE SUMMIT OF THE PLATFORM WHICH CARRIED THE WOODEN GRANARY, SHOWING A FLIGHT OF BRICK STEPS. THE PLATFORM IS PIERCED WITH VENTILATION SHAFTS.



FIG. 7. MOHENJO-DARO IS REMARKABLE FOR ITS ELABORATE DRAINAGE AND SANITARY ARRANGEMENTS; AND IN THE LEFT WALL IN THIS EXCAVATED STREET CAN BE SEEN TWO INCLINED REFUSE CHUTES.



FIG. 8. THE FOUNDATIONS OF ONE OF MOHENJO-DARO'S TOWERS, SHOWING THE SOCKETS FOR THE TIMBER BONDING, WHICH IS AN INTERESTING AND PECULIAR FEATURE OF THIS PERIOD OF ARCHITECTURE IN THE INDUS VALLEY.

Continued.

the use of timber-lacing (Fig. 8). If, as now appears, the buildings fringing the citadel were not continuously of a military character, they were, so far as they are known, at least defensible and were supplemented in the fashion now indicated by

specifically military strong-points. Incidentally, on a parapet-walk linking two of the bastions lay ninety-eight 6-oz. slingstones of burnt clay, and many others were found round the perimeter of the citadel.

ON May 9, M. Schuman, the French Foreign Minister, announced that the French Government would propose the placing of all French and German coal and steel production under a common "high authority." This organisation would, he said, be open to all other countries in Europe. The proposal was launched suddenly and without warning. It was actually not on the agenda of the Conference of the three Powers in London, but proved to be the most important subject with which that Conference had to deal. It must be acknowledged that the scheme itself is full of imagination and originality. It is a bold attempt to end the age-long rivalry between France and Germany, to still the doubts and fears with which the rehabilitation of Western Germany and its progress towards becoming a World Power are still regarded in France, and it might emerge as an important step on the road to European Federation. The "high authority" proposed would consist of representatives chosen by both Governments, and a representative of the United Nations would report twice a year on its working. Coal and steel would be supplied to French and German markets as well as to those of other countries participating in the scheme under identical conditions. In these countries they would be free of customs duties.

The reception of the plan was favourable in France and enthusiastic in the United States, where Mr. Walter Lippmann declared at once that "there ought to be no hesitation on the part of the American Government" in giving it the fullest and most active support, because it represented a great opportunity which, if lost now, was unlikely to recur. The first impression was that it was greeted much more coolly in this country. Things began to look a great deal better in this respect when Mr. Attlee stated in the House of Commons that the proposal must "be regarded as a notable contribution towards the solution of a major European problem," and added that the Government would approach it in a sympathetic spirit and welcomed this French initiative. At the same time, however, there appeared in our Press doubts whether the welcome was in fact as warm as the Prime Minister's words implied, while the most important and best-informed organs of the French Press made no bones about telling their readers that the British were once more putting on the brake; they hinted, moreover, that the British Government was a little peevish because the French plan had been sprung upon it, because for the first time the French had embarked on a new policy without securing British approval in advance, and because the chorus of praise from the United States put Britain in a difficult position.

By May 13 it was reported that Mr. Bevin had directed some strong criticism upon the French scheme, so much so that M. Schuman was a little surprised by its force. It must be admitted that a proposal of this kind has to be looked at more closely by Britain than by the United States. We are closer to the scene, and the remodelling and integration of French and German coal and steel production would affect our industries more than those of the United States, especially in view of the point made by M. Schuman that "conditions of labour in the industries throughout the nations participating should be equalised." There would also have to be a unified transport rate. That much acknowledged, it remains to be asked whether the British Government has not committed itself so deeply to an isolated form of economy in order to bolster up its ideologies, its controls, and the heaviest taxation in the world that it finds difficulty in entering wholeheartedly into any scheme of close economic co-operation with Western Europe. It cannot be disguised that the doubts and the obstacles have come from our side at every stage. In this case there will be strong American pressure on our Government in favour of action at last.

In France, M. Schuman's proposal has, as I have said, received strong support. The powerful Communist party, which has been busily engaged in fomenting opposition to the receipt of arms from the United States, is of course equally against this plan. Its cue is to represent it as an instance of American economic domination of Europe and of "ganging up" against the Soviet Union. In fact, the Communists, in France as well as in this country, are already announcing that the "high authority" will in truth be controlled by the American banks. Without underrating the power of the Communists or their skill in muddying the waters of discussion, it can safely be said that the French Government is likely to gain the support of the great bulk of French public opinion outside their ranks. The scheme is, above all, practical. It is based, not on sentiment, but on hard economic facts. The French and German heavy industries are already naturally linked by their proximity. As an article in *Time and Tide* puts it: "In the Rhineland

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. FRENCH PROPOSALS ON GERMAN INDUSTRY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

the French and the German cultures run into each other, almost coalesce, whether in the regions of heavy industries or among wooded hills and smiling vineyards. There was a time after Rome collapsed when the Rhine Valley became and remained, even after fortuitous political divisions had destroyed its unity, a cradle and centre of Western European culture. There is no fundamental reason why it should not be so again."

As regards Germany, the West German Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, is briefly reported to have said that organised co-operation in the economic field between France and Germany was the best means to secure peace. The West German Government could not go very far before receiving decisions from London, because the plan is so closely connected with the rights and policy of the occupying

believe that the industrialists of the Ruhr, and Krupps especially, played a great part in bringing about both the world wars of this century for the sake of marketing their lethal products. I have never seen any serious evidence for this view beyond the fact that the steel barons were notoriously nationalist in politics. Yet it is not a matter of the first importance whether the view be right or wrong, because, in any case, the Ruhr largely represents Germany's war strength, and the record of German trade unionism does not suggest that there would be much difference in the policy of using it in time of war if the trade unionists instead of the steel barons controlled production and manufacture. It appears that many French observers are attracted to the Schuman plan mainly because it is likely to give France a share in deciding how far the Ruhr industries shall expand and the nature of their production. This power, they believe, would be a sort of insurance policy to French security. Here they may be unduly sanguine, because the Germans might be by no means easy to control; yet I would not condemn the scheme for that.

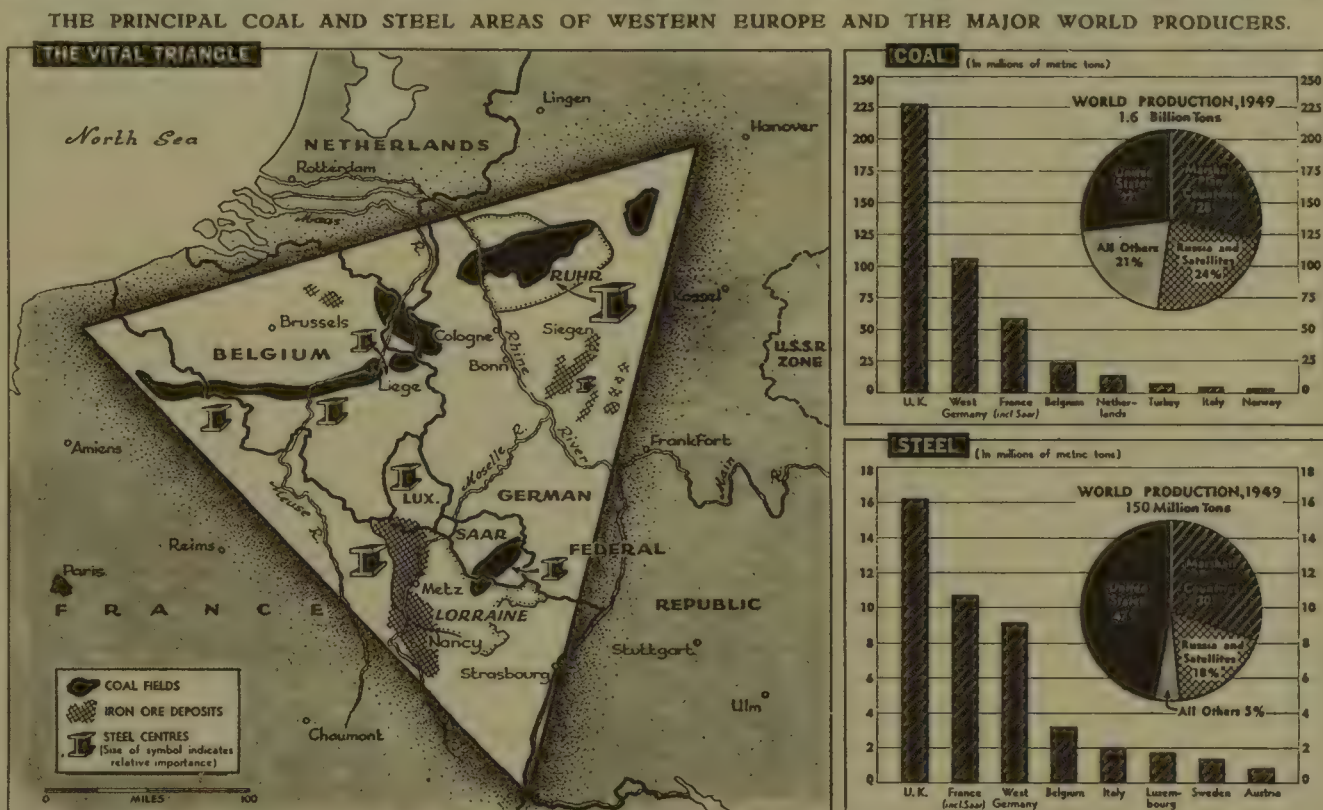
Apart from the attractions of the scheme propounded by M. Schuman, France takes pride that this piece of

statesmanlike initiative should proceed from her. It succeeds in the public mind a much less inspiring manifestation. There appeared recently in one of the leading French newspapers a series of articles by an authority on mediaeval philosophy advocating French neutrality in the event of a war between the United States and the Soviet Union. The writer, M. Gilson, remarks with some justification that there is nothing dishonourable in neutrality, that Switzerland is thought no less well of because she remained neutral in both world wars, and that the policy of neutrality should not be ruled out without discussion. Heads, evidently with pleasure, that the United States remained neutral in both world wars until dragged into

them. He can be allowed his points, yet I confess that I found two sinister features in his articles. The first was that they appeared so representative of a large body of opinion. I had heard much the same views from a number of French middle-class people with whom I had had casual conversations in the last few years. In fact, far from leading public opinion, M. Gilson appeared to be confirming it, especially as his articles could not be called striking or original.

The other feature was less pleasant still. Advocacy of neutrality in the event of another war amounts to almost the same thing as advocacy of submission to occupation by a hostile power. It is true that M. Gilson cites the case of Switzerland and Sweden in the last war; everyone, he says, predicted that they would be invaded and overrun, but in fact they were not, and because they were not they are to-day about the two most prosperous countries in Europe. In the same way, says M. Gilson, it is always assumed that Soviet Russia would invade France, but in fact it is impossible to foresee how the war would develop and a neutral France might avoid invasion. Anyone who has studied the strategic situation in Europe to-day and the significance of the Channel and Atlantic coasts of France, knows that this argument is unsound. There is little or no parallel between the situation of Switzerland and Sweden and that of France, and no comparison between the probability of their neutrality remaining inviolate. We know all too well how much there is to attract Soviet Russia towards Calais and Cherbourg which does not attract her towards Lucerne or Norrköping. For France to proclaim neutrality in advance would be virtually for her to proclaim submission.

If the new coal and steel plan is accepted, as it now seems likely it has been, at all events in broad lines, this defeatist spirit will not only be officially rejected but at the same time, I believe, in great part cured by a strengthening of French morale. I have often expressed the view that the United States, and in a lesser degree Britain, were in part responsible for the weaknesses apparent in France since the war, because France had never received from her friends the assurances of support—support in the right shape—which she felt she required, and because too much weight was left upon her shoulders. I have only a few lines in which to mention other phases of the discussions which have been going on in London, but it seems probable that they will result in modifications in the system of defence under the Atlantic and Brussels Treaties which will contribute to the restoration of French prestige and afford a broader base for French security. Some such reorganisation is needed, because in the military field Western Union, after a fine start, has obviously approached an *impasse*. When a clock ceases to go we have it overhauled by an expert. The same course of action is needed when an international organisation comes to a deadlock.



THE PROPOSAL TO PLACE ALL FRENCH AND GERMAN COAL AND STEEL PRODUCTION UNDER A COMMON "HIGH AUTHORITY": A MAP SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL COAL AND STEEL AREAS OF WESTERN EUROPE, WITH PRODUCTION FIGURES BASED ON ESTIMATES FOR 1949.



CONVERSING AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY IN PARIS BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE LONDON CONFERENCE: MR. ACHESON, THE AMERICAN SECRETARY OF STATE, WITH M. SCHUMAN, THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER (RIGHT).

In discussing the French proposals for placing all French and German coal and steel production under a single authority, Captain Falls says that this bold attempt to end the age-long rivalry between France and Germany may emerge as an important step on the road to European federation. When M. Schuman announced the French Government's proposals on May 9 he said that the subject had not been broached in his talks with Mr. Acheson on the previous day, not even in the "personal" conversation with which the day opened. In his article Captain Falls not only discusses the French proposals but the American, British, French and German reactions to M. Schuman's announcement.

Powers. It is natural that the industrialists of the Ruhr should favour it, because they foresee that it would almost certainly entail an increase in the production of German steel beyond the figure already fixed. Probably they also hope that it would put an end to the question of public control of basic industries. The Federation of Trade Unions looks at the question from a very different point of view, but does not appear to be unfavourable to the scheme, provided that the Germans are allowed to retain the right to decide this question of ownership. In general it may be said that the proposal has been praised and welcomed. The least enthusiastic reception accorded to it was from the British, if commentators here and in France are as well-informed as they seem to be.

In all French dealings with Germany the future of the Ruhr stands like a huge mark of interrogation. The French

LONDON, CAMBRIDGE AND WASHINGTON: ANNIVERSARIES AND GREAT OCCASIONS.



MR. LIAQUAT ALI KHAN IN WASHINGTON: THE PRIME MINISTER OF PAKISTAN (AT TRIBUNE, EXTREME RIGHT) SPEAKING TO THE UNITED STATES HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.



AN HONOURED VISITOR TO THE UNITED STATES, WITH HIS OFFICIAL HOST: MR. LIAQUAT ALI KHAN, PAKISTAN PREMIER (LEFT), WITH PRESIDENT TRUMAN IN WASHINGTON. During his recent visit to Washington, the Prime Minister of Pakistan, Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, addressed both Houses of Congress, and later went to the Pentagon, where he saw Mr. Johnson, Secretary of Defence, General Bradley, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. At a Press conference, Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan indicated that Pakistan would make a request for American munitions. On May 4 a dinner was given in his honour by Mr. Dean Acheson, Secretary of State.



CARRYING THE NEW QUILL FOR THE YEAR: THE ALABASTER EFFIGY OF JOHN STOW, THE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY HISTORIAN OF LONDON, IN ST. ANDREW UNDERSHAFT.

In the City of London, at the corner of St. Mary Axe, in the north aisle of the church of St. Andrew Undershaft, stands the memorial to John Stow (1525-1605), the author of the famous "Survey of London" (1598). It was erected by "his sorrowing wife" and is in the form of an effigy in alabaster which is supposed by some to be by the sculptor of Shakespeare's bust at Stratford-on-Avon. Every year the quill in his hand is renewed on the Sunday nearest April 6, the date of John Stow's death.



SOUNDING LAST POST AND REVEILLE AT THE UNVEILING OF THREE PLAQUES WHICH HAVE BEEN ADDED TO THE LINCOLN'S INN WAR MEMORIAL.

After a service in the Great Hall of Lincoln's Inn, in which he gave an address on preserving peace as a duty to the fallen, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Cunningham of Hyndhope unveiled three plaques which have been added to the Lincoln's Inn War Memorial. The plaques bear the names of twenty-six members of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn and of seven sons of members. Trumpeters of the Royal Artillery sounded Last Post and, after the Benediction, Reveille.



THE CITY OF WESTMINSTER'S NEW COUNCIL CHAMBER: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE OPENING CEREMONY, DURING THE SPEECH OF SIR FREDERICK ROWLAND, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON. The Council Chamber of the Westminster City Council was damaged by air raids in 1940; and on May 18 the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Frederick Rowland, opened the new Council Chamber and addressed those gathered for the ceremony. A photograph gives a general view of the occasion and gives some idea of the style and dignity of the new Chamber; and shows the Lord Mayor speaking, at the side of the Mayor of Westminster.



NOW CELEBRATING THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS FOUNDATION: DOWNING COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, SHOWING THE DORIC COLUMNS OF THE MASTER'S LODGE (RIGHT).

Downing College, Cambridge, was founded in 1800, although its founder, Sir George Downing, whose name is also perpetuated in Whitehall's Downing Street, died in 1749. The foundation-stone was laid in 1807. A commemoration dinner was held on May 18 after a garden-party on the same afternoon. An appeal for at least £50,000 has been launched by the Master and Fellows, to complete the north side of the quadrangle between the wings erected twenty years ago.

OSLO'S 900TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS: THE NEW TOWN HALL, AND A THANKSGIVING SERVICE.



THE INAUGURATION OF OSLO'S NEW TOWN HALL ON MAY 15: A VIEW OF THE BUILDING AND THE CROWDS AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF KING HAAKON, WHO PERFORMED THE OPENING CEREMONY.



LEAVING THE TOWN HALL AFTER THE INAUGURATION CEREMONY: KING HAAKON (LEFT) WITH THE CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNCIL.



OPENED DURING THE CELEBRATIONS OF OSLO'S 900TH ANNIVERSARY: THE COUNCIL CHAMBER IN THE NEW TOWN HALL, OF WHICH THE FOUNDATION-STONE WAS LAID IN 1931.



THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE, ATTENDED BY THE NORWEGIAN ROYAL FAMILY, WITH WHICH THE 900TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS OPENED: A VIEW OF THE CEREMONY IN OSLO CATHEDRAL.

In our issue of May 20 we illustrated some aspects of Oslo, capital of Norway; which is celebrating its 900th anniversary; here we show two of the outstanding events of the celebrations—the thanksgiving service in Oslo Cathedral on May 14, which was attended by the Norwegian Royal family and with which the celebrations opened, and the inauguration of the new Town Hall by King Haakon on the following day. This building was first planned in 1915 and the architects were appointed in 1919, but it was not until 1931 that the foundation-stone was laid.



A VIEW OF THE SCENE IN THE MAGNIFICENT GREAT RECEPTION ROOM IN OSLO'S NEW TOWN HALL DURING THE OFFICIAL OPENING CEREMONY ON MAY 15.

The building consists of a central rectangular block, with two rectangular towers fifteen storeys high, and is faced with dark red brick, with a courtyard on the northern side flanked by two arcades. Inside many of the walls are decorated with immense frescoes and in the main hall the southern upper wall, measuring some 100 ft. by 50 ft., has been covered by a single composition of figures by Hr. Henrik Sorensen, the theme being "Work, Administration, and Festival." After the opening a luncheon attended by the Crown Prince was held in the Castle of Akershus.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

AMONG all the marvels which puzzled me as a child, the problem of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon puzzled me the most. The idea of them fascinated me. I

imagined huge platforms, about as big as our kitchen garden, several of them, suspended one above the other, in mid-air. They were, doubtless, suspended by huge chains. But from what were those chains

WINDOW-BOXES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

the practice of having arrangements of cut-flowers in shop windows among the soaps and shoes, furs and nylons. This innovation must surely be "good business," and so we may hope that it will spread. If more shops had flowers in their windows, our towns, both big ones and little ones, and our villages too, would be even pleasanter places than they are. London window-boxers have become more and more enterprising in the choice of plants they use in recent years. Less of those dreadful discords between the eternal scarlet geraniums and the trailing pink, ivy-leaved variety, and more of such homely things as primroses and polyanthus, daffodils, grape hyacinths and double daisies.

It is natural that most window-boxers should aim at planting things which will give the longest, most continuous and gayest summer display possible and for this no plant is quite so industrious as the scarlet geranium, which will maintain a mass of rich and satisfying green, and glowing colour, from planting time in late April or early May until the first frosts come—and a bit after. Almost equally valuable are petunias, purple, white, rose, pure violet, lavender-blue and every imaginable intermediate shade. And petunias have the heaven-sent gift of fragrance, especially at night. Geraniums, petunias, scarlet salvias, fuchsias, yellow and white marguerites, these and a few others are the popular conventional window-box plants for continuous summer display, unsurpassed for painting the town gay, and as such to be encouraged in every way. Like

most other things, they cost more to buy than they did. But no financial wounds, surely, heal so quickly as those caused by the purchase of plants and flowers.

Tending and cultivating a window-box is the nearest approach to having a garden that many town dwellers can enjoy, and some there are who are not content to grow just the conventional showy plants. There are certain favourite Alpine, herbaceous or bulbous plants which they long to grow, and do grow, with more or with less success, but with enormous pleasure. And some there are who grow herbs and vegetables—parsley, clumps of chives for the salads, Lad's Love or Old Man for fragrance, and scarlet runners shinning up strings on each side of the window. This is real gardening, and when I see such window-boxes they interest me far more than the most gorgeous mob of cinerarias. The most gallant effort in this direction that I have heard of—and I regret that I did not see it—was the successful cultivation in a London window-box of the Avocado—

who grew Edelweiss on the sill of an upper window of the old Bank of England. It was said that he attributed his success to the great altitude of the position. With good drainage, suitable soil, and a few small rocks, many charming species of Alpine plant may be grown surprisingly well in a window-box, even in a large town. But I must confess that, apart from Primulas of the Auricula type, I cannot advise as to which Alpines will tolerate town life, and which will not.

In discussing window-boxes recently, a friend gave me one suggestion which seems most practical. He advocated surfacing the soil with grit or stone chips to prevent heavy rain splashing earth on to the window.

Soil for the window-box is a most important item. A start should be made with the very best fresh loam from the country, mixed with silver sand and perhaps a little leaf mould or peat, and as a counsel of perfection I would suggest that each spring, or at any rate every other spring, the soil be refreshed by taking out a quarter, or better still a third, of the old, and mixing in an equal quantity of fresh loam. If the soil can be taken right out, the box washed and aired, and the soil well mixed before being replaced, so much the better. A sprinkle of lime mixed in



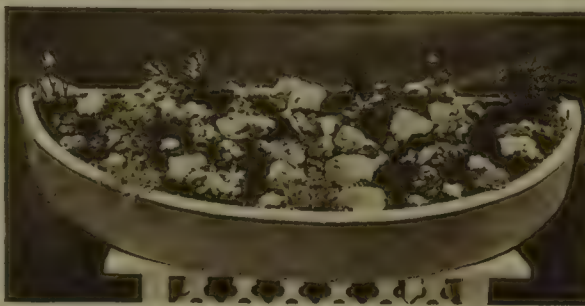
"THE HANGING GARDENS OF DOWNING STREET": "IT IS ONE OF THE WAYS OF HAVING OUR MONEY SPENT BY OTHERS THAT I RESENT LEAST," WRITES MR. ELLIOTT. "LET DEPARTMENTS SPEND LESS ON TEA, AND PETROL, AND FORMS, AND MORE ON FLOWERS, AND I SHALL BE HAPPY."

hung? I asked my governess, and she became evasive. Normally she was never at a loss for an explanation for my most difficult problems—even birth—though it took me many years to unlearn much that she told me. But the ultimate fastening from which the Hanging Gardens were suspended defeated even her imagination—as it did mine—and in those days the simple device of sky-hooks had not been thought of. From Nebuchadnezzar's Hanging Gardens to window-boxes may seem a sad crash to bathos, but I am not sure that window-boxes are not lineal descendants of the Babylonian prototype. Reluctantly I have abandoned the idea of great platforms suspended by chains. Too difficult. Terraces on some steep declivity seem more probable, "hanging" in the sense that what is known as a "hanging valley" performs the feat.

I said that window-boxes may seem bathos after the Babylonian gardens. But in fact they are far from bathos. They are of far greater importance than is generally realised. They are the outcome of our intense love, as a nation, of not only plants and flowers, but of cultivating them. The man who cultivates a window-box, especially if it faces on to the street, is, whether he knows it or not, and whether he likes it or not, a public benefactor.

A single window-box can convert a whole terrace of the most utter respectability and prosperity into something quite human, whilst a window-box in the dreariest slum alley is even more potent for good. A whole slum street of window-boxes is paradise—almost.

There are many different ways of window-gardening, and they can cost anything from quite a large sum of money a year to rather less than half nothing. But however much it may cost, it is worth every penny. The most expensive way is by farming it out, by contract, with some firm of florists or nurserymen, who undertake to keep the windows "furnished" with relays of plants for each season of the year. This, no doubt, is how Government buildings are window-boxed, and it is one of the ways of having our money spent by others that I resent least. Let Departments spend less on tea, and petrol, and forms, and more on flowers, and I shall be happy. This habit of bulk window-boxing has spread considerably in recent years, not only among Government Departments, but among many of the more enlightened shops. And, incidentally, another most pleasing practice has come into vogue during the last decade or so,



"EVEN ROCK-GARDENING CAN BE DONE IN A WINDOW-BOX": A SUGGESTED LAY-OUT FOR THE TYPE OF WINDOW GARDENING IN WHICH THE GARDENER IS MORE CONCERNED WITH HIS OWN INTEREST IN INDIVIDUAL PLANTS THAN WITH A SHOWY EXTERIOR DISPLAY.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

special protégé of mine. It grows like a compact bush marrow, with round jade-green fruits the size of grapefruits, whose firm, orange flesh one eats, cooked and cold, with a French salad-dressing. A good substitute for the inimitable Avocado pear.

Even rock-gardening can be done in a window-box. It must be forty years since I heard of an enthusiast



"THE HANGING GARDENS OF EAST LONDON": A REALLY AMBITIOUS DISPLAY ON A BALCONY IN A BLOCK OF WORKING-CLASS FLATS IN SOUTH-EAST LONDON—MAINLY OF GERANIUMS, BUT INCLUDING CHRYSANTHEMUMS, ANTIRRHINUMS, MARGUERITES, SWEET ALYSSUM AND (POSSIBLY) ZINNIAS.

will be beneficial. If, instead of a window-sill you are blessed with a balcony, then you can really garden in the grand manner, using tubs, boxes and big pots, in which to grow all manner of jolly things too large for a window-box. A vine to train over the house wall, a *Cobea scandens* with its great purplish bells, Morning Glories; a wistaria to embellish the balcony rails, and carnations to hang down through the rails as they hang in cataracts of colour from balconies in Italy and the South of France. One last suggestion. A pinch of seed of Night-scented Stock, *Matthiola bicornis*, sown in a corner of the window-box, or in a pot on the balcony, to drench the evening air with fragrance for you, your neighbours and for every passer-by.

One hears rumours of a Festival of Britain, planned for 1951. Could we not, as a nation of gardeners, mark the event, and express ourselves, by causing two window-boxes to blossom where only one blossomed before, or better still, by an outbreak, an epidemic, an orgy of window-boxes in every town and village from one end of the land to the other? If that happened, the Festival fuss and the expense would not be wholly in vain, for once a gardener always a gardener, and likewise, once a window-boxer always a window-boxer. The Festival would leave us permanently happier in gayer surroundings.

THE HOME OF A GREAT ENGLISH STATESMAN: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S KENT ESTATE.



WHERE BRITAIN'S WAR LEADER ENJOYS OPEN-AIR BATHES: THE SWIMMING-POOL IN THE GROUNDS OF MR. CHURCHILL'S HOME IN KENT.



ONE OF THE MANY BEAUTIFUL CORNERS OF MR. CHURCHILL'S KENT ESTATE: A WATERFALL AMID CONIFERS AND FLOWERING SHRUBS.



BUILT WITH MR. CHURCHILL'S OWN HANDS FOR HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER: A SMALL BRICK HOUSE WHICH ATTRACTED MANY VISITORS.



IN THE "GARDEN OF ENGLAND": MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S HOME AT CHARTWELL, NEAR WESTERHAM, KENT, SEEN FROM THE GROUNDS. THE HOUSE WAS OPEN TO THE PUBLIC ON MAY 17.



PRESENTED TO MR. CHURCHILL BY HIS WIFE ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY: A LOGGIA WITH A FRIEZE DEPICTING HIS ANCESTOR'S VICTORIES.

with some of the people who had come to look at her home and commiserated with them on the cold and cloudy day. The gardens are to be opened twice more this summer, on June 7, when the proceeds will go to the District Nursing Association, and on July 5, when they will be divided between the Westerham War Memorial Fund and the Westerham Church Fund. Mr. Churchill has close connections with Kent, for not only is his country home there, but he has been Lord Warden and Admiral of the Cinque Ports, and Governor of Dover Castle since 1941. As Lord Warden he has the right to reside in Walmer Castle.

MORE than 5000 visitors visited Mr. Winston Churchill's home, Chartwell Manor, near Westerham, Kent, on May 17, when the grounds were open to the public for one day, in aid of the Y.W.C.A., at a charge of a shilling. Many of the visitors paid an extra two shillings to enter the house, where a selection of Mr. Churchill's paintings was on view. It was the first time that the house had been open to the public, and there was a special bus service to take visitors from Westerham village to Chartwell Corner. Mrs. Churchill mingled for a time



THE WORK OF ONE OF THE MOST VERSATILE OF MEN: A WALL AT CHARTWELL BUILT BY MR. CHURCHILL BETWEEN 1925 AND 1932.



ILLUSTRATING THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE OPEN-AIR STAGE ON WHICH THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY IS PRESENTED: A SCENE REPRESENTING OUR LORD IN THE TEMPLE RELEASING THE DOVES. THE CLOSELY-PACKED AUDIENCE MAY BE SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND.



"HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID, BLESSED IS HE THAT COMETH IN THE NAME OF THE LORD": ANTON FREISINGER AS OUR LORD RIDING INTO JERUSALEM ON THE ASS ON PALM SUNDAY AMID THE CROWDS OF WORSHIPPERS, AND SURROUNDED BY HIS DISCIPLES.



"MY HOUSE SHALL BE CALLED THE HOUSE OF PRAYER, BUT YE HAVE MADE IT A DEN OF THIEVES": ANTON FREISINGER AS CHRIST THRUSTING THE MERCHANTS FROM THE TEMPLE—A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE NOBLE BEARING AND STATELY GESTURES HE BRINGS TO THE SACRED RÔLE.



ONE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT TABLEAUX ON THE INNER STAGE OF THE THEATRE, WHICH WAS BUILT BY RAIMUND AND JOHANN GEORG LANG: THE ANGEL WITH THE FLAMING SWORD GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO THE GARDEN OF EDEN FROM WHICH ADAM AND EVE HAVE BEEN DRIVEN.

PRESENTED AFTER AN INTERVAL OF SIXTEEN YEARS: THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY,

The Oberammergau Passion Play was last given in 1934, thus sixteen years, instead of the traditional ten, have elapsed since it has been performed. This most famous of sacred plays is regarded by those who take part in it as a religious exercise, and the deep and heartfelt reverence which they bring to it may be measured by the fact that, after the 1914-18 war, when the economic collapse of Germany was at its worst, they did not for one moment hesitate to refuse a rich offer from Hollywood in connection with it.

The play was instituted after the terrible plague of 1633, when the stricken villagers gathered round the Cross and swore a sacred vow to act the Sufferings and Death of our Saviour once in each decade. The names of those who have taken part in the play are known—with intervals—as far back as 1680, and are given from 1800 until this year in a table in the pamphlet, "The Leading Actors of the Passion Plays at Oberammergau, 1950" ("Die Hauptdarsteller des Oberammergauer Passionsspiels, 1950").

FIRST PERFORMED IN 1634 AS A THANKOFFERING FOR DELIVERANCE FROM PLAGUE.

published in Munich, but on sale in this country, through the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, at 2s. 6d. The play is given in an open-air theatre against a background of the green Bavarian Alps. The building is neo-Classical in design and the main action takes place on a huge fore-stage, while the Old Testament tableaux are presented on a smaller inner stage. A Chorus of four dozen singers is arranged on the fore-stage, and *The Times* dramatic critic, who attended the preliminary performance on

May 18, calls attention to the remarkable manner in which they, as well as the company as a whole, contrive to make themselves so perfectly audible without the assistance of any mechanical contrivance. This year Herr Alois Lang, who played Christ in 1930 and 1934, speaks the Prologue with great beauty, and Herr Anton Preisinger brings impressive nobility to the leading rôle. The parts of the Blessed Virgin Mary and Mary Magdalene are played by Fräulein Annemie Mayr and Fräulein Gabriele Gropper.



THE TREASURE-SHIP OF TOBERMORY BAY: A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING OF WARSHIPS OF THE SPANISH ARMADA, WITH PART OF THE HULL OF ONE DIAGMATICALLY CUT AWAY TO SHOW THE INTERIOR.

On May 6 the Royal Navy's diving unit, which has been searching the seabed in Tobermory Bay, Isle of Mull, on behalf of the Duke of Argyll, for a Spanish galleon believed to contain treasure which was sunk there following the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, brought to the surface two silver medallions and a large piece of charred wood. The operation was then brought to a close and it will be for the Duke of Argyll to proceed with plans for the actual salvage of the vessel. A statement issued on behalf of the Duke on May 8 declared: "The Navy have in his opinion completed one link in a chain of operations which may lead to the recovery of a ship which is historically unique—a unit of the Spanish Armada. Whatever the cargo or contents of this vessel may be, in itself it is well worth recovering in whole or in part as a physical relic of a phase of English history in a time as critical as any this country has

ever lived through." Information about the ships that fought each other in that great naval engagement in 1588 is unfortunately very meagre; a few details are available to us in records kept in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge and at the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, and also in the Museo Navale in Madrid. We do know, however, that these vessels were far more seaworthy than they appear to be in contemporary prints and far more beautiful in form than the galleons produced nowadays by amateur model-makers. In size the Spanish galleons were in many cases considerably larger than contemporary British ships, and these larger vessels sometimes had three gun-decks. They carried fore, main, mizzen and bonaventure masts, with fore and aft lateen sails on the last two, and were probably very heavily built of solid timbers, with the heavy diagonal bracing peculiar to ships of the Elizabethan period. The

1. Spanish galleon.
2. Stern lantern.
3. Bonaventure lateen sail.
4. Bonaventure mast.
5. Quarterdeck.
6. Halfdeck.
7. Mainmast.
8. Mizzen lateen sail.
9. Stern gallery.
10. Great cabin.
11. Possible position of treasure.
12. Tiller.
13. Lazaretto (probable position of treasure).
14. View size.
15. Whipsail (for steering).
16. Upper gundeck.
17. Main or lower gundeck.
18. Orlop deck.
19. Diagonal bracing timbers.
20. Magazine.
21. Main hold.
22. Spare spars, ropes, etc. (Guns were sometimes mounted on this deck).
23. Probably demi-culverins (45-pdrs.).
24. Probably culverins (34-pdrs.).
25. One of the small cabins for officers.
26. Main courses.
27. Mainmast.
28. Main courses.
29. Main topsail.
30. Main topgallant sail.
31. Forecastle deck.
32. Foremast.
33. Fore boom.
34. Fore courses.
35. Fore topsail.
36. Fore topgallant sail.
37. Bowspirit.
38. Spirit.
39. Anchor.
40. Three-masted Spanish galleon.

galleon *Florencia*, which many believe is the treasure-ship sunk in Tobermory Bay after running northward following the defeat of the Armada, was probably of the same type as that illustrated in the foreground of the drawing on these pages, though it may have been the smaller *San Juan de Sicilia*, of about 800 tons, which in rig may have resembled the three-masted galleon on the right of the drawing. The treasure is said to lie under the Great Cabin, but more probably it is situated deeper in the ship in the lazaretto. The wreck in Tobermory Bay is situated some 75 ft. below high-water level and a further 23 ft. down under the sea-bed. The bottom consists of a top layer of clinker, deposited by anchored convoys during the war, and below this is 2 ft. of sand and shingle and then clay in which the sunken galleon rests her after-end. On the following page we publish a description of a typical galleon of the period by Mr. G. P. B. Naish,

Assistant Director of the National Maritime Museum, in which he describes the conditions in which the crews of these ships fought and lived while escorting the great convoys laden with treasure from the New World, or meeting the challenge of Elizabeth's sea captains. Where cabins were provided for the officers these were only mere boxes, 5 ft. by 3 ft., and the space between decks prevented a man of average height from standing upright. The crew slept on the decks surrounded by their possessions and the stores necessary for working and fighting the ship. The galleon represented a compromise at a transitional stage in naval warfare, when warships were beginning to be regarded less as floating castles and more as floating batteries which could reduce an enemy from a distance before administering the *coup-de-grâce* with a boarding party. The ships carried broadsides but also had a large complement of infantry aboard.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A., WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM.

ALL galleons, we are led to believe, were laden with treasure, were fantastically rigged, had hulls towering out of the water, and were most expensively carved, gilded and painted. They were always Spanish. Of course, much of this is fallacy. The word "galleon" (there are several different spellings) is Italian in origin and is expanded from the word "galley." The galley was the long, lightly-constructed warship of the Mediterranean, which could be sailed in fair winds but went into action under oars and carried heavy ordnance mounted in the bow, so that the galley had to be pointed at the enemy for her guns to take effect. A feature of the galley was the long beakhead protruding from her bow. In battle this could be run aboard the enemy's ship to form a bridge over which a boarding-party could carry by storm the ship attacked. Because of their light construction and exposed oars and galley slaves, galleys were themselves vulnerable in battle and usually attacked sailing-ships when a calm made them unmanœuvrable. From the galley evolved the galleass, larger than the galley and which could be both rowed or sailed and was higher out of the water and was armed with an additional broadside of light artillery mounted on a deck over the heads of the rowers. A detachment of Venetian galleasses strengthened the Christian galley-fleet at the battle of Lepanto in 1571. The galleon as a type of fighting ship would seem to have been invented by the Portuguese. A big Portuguese galleon, the *São João*, played a prominent part in the attack on Tunis in 1535. Contemporary pictures show her to have been a four-masted sailing-ship, without oars and mounting a broadside armament and with a galley's beakhead. By the second half of the sixteenth century both the English and the Spanish were building powerful men-of-war, of a new type and called galleons. The ships were mostly four-masted and were rigged in the same way as the big sailing-ships of the period. Indeed, it is difficult to say what were the precise features by which a galleon could be distinguished from other ships. They were longer in proportion to their beam, and we are told that a galleon had a keel length of three times the beam as compared with the usual twice, or two-and-a-half times the beam. Instead of the overhanging forecastle of the older warships, such as we see in the far-famed *Great Harry*, galleons had the low beakhead which was copied from the Mediterranean galley and is an example of the Southern influence on Northern ship-building practice. Galleons carried a broadside of heavy guns, mounted low in the waist, and firing through ports cut in the ship's side: they were regarded as pre-eminently warships, and so could carry these guns mounted on a gundeck, which gundeck would have interfered with valuable cargo-space in a merchant ship.

Because of their greater length galleons were faster and more weatherly and well able to keep the seas. Their seagoing qualities were improved by the removal of the top hamper which was characteristic of the older men-of-war and whose high forecastles and aftercastles were filled with cabins and bristled with the small guns known as "murderers." The ships with castles were called "high charged," and these castles would be defended when the enemy had already gained possession of the ship's waist, lower and easier to enter. On this account certain old-fashioned seamen, including Richard Hawkins, son of the John Hawkins of Plymouth, builder of the Queen's Navy, derided the new galleon type, with its low freeboard ("chace-built" ships, they were called) as unsuitable for defence during the in-fighting so popular at this period. But, of course, Richard Hawkins had forgotten the lessons of the Armada campaign, when the English galleons, by avoiding grappling with the Spanish galleons (which had on board the finest infantry in Europe, spoiling for a hand-to-hand fight) had put their heavy artillery to good use. In fact, it would appear that, properly fought, the English

THE FIGHTING SHIPS OF THE SPANISH ARMADA: A DESCRIPTION OF A GALLEON SUCH AS THAT BELIEVED TO BE LYING IN TOBERMORY BAY.

By G. P. B. NAISH, Assistant Director, National Maritime Museum, Greenwich.

galleon of 1588 was a more powerful warship than the Spanish galleon, crowded with men, mostly soldiers, and which in action relied less on efficient gunnery practice than on boarding tactics in the old style which the English ships skilfully and wisely avoided. When the Spanish Armada sailed from Lisbon on May 20, 1588, there were 101 vessels of 150 tons and over: the warships

dimensions of these galleons. The *Florencia* probably measured something like 120 ft. on the keel by 40 ft. beam: she would be 160 ft. or more length overall. Fortunately, although plans are rare, sufficient contemporary pictures survive to enable us to visualise the appearance of these Spanish galleons. First the rig. The rather short bowsprit is well steeved up: it is

firmly tied down to the beakhead by the gammoning lashing, but the absence of a bobstay would worry a modern yachtsman. A small square-sail, a spritsail, is set from a yard under the bowsprit. The working canvas on the foremast and mainmast are three square sails each, the courses, topsails and topgallantsails. The topsail yards are only half the length of the lower yards. The sails are not fitted with reef points, but extensions, known as "bonnets," are laced to the foot of the courses and can be removed in strong winds. There are two mizzenmasts (the after-mizzen in English ships was called bonaventure mizzen), and on these are set lateen sails (introduced from the Mediterranean). Spars and ropes and blocks would appear heavy to modern eyes, especially to eyes grown accustomed to wire rigging. Contrary to model-galleon practice to-day, very few sails were painted with elaborate devices. When making a show, the flags and streamers were very gay. As has been said, the hulls of the galleons were not so highly charged as those of the armed merchantmen. They were decorated rather with painted devices and patterns than with carved work, although coats-of-arms appear on the stern, and a carved device or figurehead at the end of the beakhead. The windows and galleries in the stern, and the gunports along the upper deck were picked out in elaborately-painted patterns, the favourite colours being red and gold.

The stern lantern only appears at the poop of the Admiral's ship which was to lead the fleet at night. The tops on the masts were draped with painted cloths. As well as the heavy armament, galleons were well provided with smaller guns, which were arranged to sweep the decks in case an enemy gained admittance. For the appearance below decks we have little evidence: but the general impression at sea would be of crowded humanity, for those of the 400 soldiers and 86 mariners of the *Florencia* who were off watch, would be taking what sleep they could out of the way, lying on the deck, or refreshing themselves with food and talk. There were no hammocks in use and so those without bunks, were forced to sleep on deck.

Between decks the ships would be crowded with the surplus stores and provisions, as well as the personal possessions of the soldiers and sailors. Round the guns would be their equipment and the ready-for-use ammunition. The great cables for the anchors would lead from the bows and encumber the deck up forward. The galley fire was in the hole, on the sand ballast. Elaborate precautions were taken to prevent the ship catching fire, and to extinguish all unnecessary light, and, of course, these precautions were strictest near the powder magazines. Aft, in the captain's and officers' quarters, there was some attempt at comfort and even magnificence, for high-ranking officers commonly

dined off gold plate and had their music. But for most of the ship's company, there can have been little comfort save what came from a warm sun and a fair wind. For at sea provisions soon became mouldy and scarce, and drinking-water was putrid and the wine sour.



"SHIP AFTER SHIP, THE WHOLE NIGHT LONG, THEIR HIGH-BUILT GALLEONS CAME . . .": DETAIL OF A CONTEMPORARY TAPESTRY OF "THE FIGHT OF THE ONE AND THE FIFTY-THREE," SHOWING SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE'S REVENGE IN FOREGROUND, WITH TWO SPANIARDS ON HER STARBOARD SIDE AND TWO ON HER LARBOARD.
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"THE SPANISH ARMADA, 1588," BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST AND ROUGHLY CONTEMPORARY WITH THE EVENT: A PAINTING SHOWING THE FIGHTING IN THE CHANNEL, WITH (ON THE RIGHT) A STERN VIEW OF THE ENGLISH FLAGSHIP *Ark Royal*.
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On pages 824-825 we publish a diagrammatic drawing by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, of a Spanish galleon, and on this page we give a description of the vessel and two contemporary illustrations which show Spanish galleons in action in 1588 and in 1591. The probable discovery of a Spanish galleon, a straggler after the defeat of the Armada, lying under the mud in Tobermory Bay, Isle of Mull, is described on the preceding pages.

included two squadrons of galleons, four galleasses and four galleys. There were twenty ships in all classed as galleons: the galleons of Portugal under the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and the galleons of Castille under Diego Flores de Valdes. The latter were the galleons of the Indian guard, whose usual function was to protect the

RESCUE BY HELICOPTER FROM NIAGARA: STAGES OF A NOTABLE FEAT.



NIAGARA FALLS FROM THE AIR, SCENE OF THE HELICOPTER RESCUE: (1) POSITION OF THE ROCK TO WHICH THE WOMAN WAS CLINGING; (2) THREE SISTER ISLANDS; (3) GOAT ISLAND; (4) CANADIAN FALLS; (5) AMERICAN FALLS.



SHOWING THE DESPERATE POSITION IN WHICH A WOMAN WAS OBSERVED TO BE ON MAY 15: MRS. BUGAY CLINGING TO A ROCK 300 YARDS ABOVE THE HORSESHOE FALLS.



THE FIRST ATTEMPT AT RESCUE BY HELICOPTER: THE AIRCRAFT, EQUIPPED WITH FLOATS, HOVERED ABOVE THE ROCK, AND ONE MAN PULLED MRS. BUGAY TOWARDS IT.



AFTER IT HAD CAPSIZED AND JAMMED ON A ROCK NEAR THAT TO WHICH THE WOMAN WAS CLINGING: THE HELICOPTER WITH THE MEN ON THE WRECKAGE.



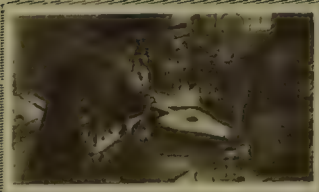
THE SECOND HELICOPTER IN ACTION: A ROPE WAS DROPPED FROM IT TO MR. NIEHAUS, WHO WAS SEATED ASTRIDE A FLOAT OF THE CAPSIZED HELICOPTER TO THE UNDERCARRIAGE OF WHICH MRS. BUGAY HAD BEEN SECURED.



SAFELY ASHORE: THE BOAT CONTAINING MRS. BUGAY BEING DRAWN IN BY THE ROPE, WHICH HAD ONE END SECURED TO THE CAPSIZED HELICOPTER AND THE OTHER FASTENED TO THE BOAT, AND BROUGHT TO THE SHORE.

A remarkable rescue by helicopter was carried out at Niagara Falls on May 15. A young woman was observed to be clinging to a rock in the racing stream 300 yards above the Horseshoe Falls, calling for help. Attempts at rescue from the shore failed, and a call was sent to the Bell Aircraft Corporation. They dispatched a helicopter, equipped with floats, which successfully reached the rock, but as Mrs. Bugay was being drawn to safety the helicopter capsized, but by a remarkable

chance, jammed on a rock near that to which she was clinging. She was tied to the undercarriage, and a second helicopter went into action, dropping one end of a rope to the marooned trio, and the other to helpers on shore. By means of this, a boat was guided to the rock, and the woman brought safely to shore. The boat then made another trip to bring back the second man. It is not yet known how Mrs. Bugay, who had been ill, came to be on the rock.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE BIONOMICS OF THE HOUSE-FLY.

By HAROLD BASTIN.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago the so-called house-fly (*Musca domestica*) was very much in the news. Eminent hygienists had indicted it as Enemy Number One among disease-carrying insects in temperate regions—the ban, of course, including several other equally common species with similar habits. The appalling object lesson of the Boer War was still fresh in men's minds, when it was estimated that 30 per cent. of the deaths on the British side were caused by typhoid fever, all precautions taken by the Army Medical Corps to check the spread of the epidemic having been frustrated by the enormous numbers of flies which swarmed in and about the latrines and mess-tents.

The peculiar deadliness of house-flies and their congeners consists in the dual activities of the individual insect and its consequent change of habit in the course of its metamorphosis. The larvæ or maggots feed upon moist refuse of many kinds, particularly stercoraceous matter. Hence the adult females constantly resort to such places as manure-heaps and middens in order to lay their eggs, and from them they often fly straight to our dairies, food-shops and larders, carrying among the hairs of their legs and bodies germs of many kinds. But this mechanical transport is only one (some say, the least effective) of the ways in which flies spread diseases. They greedily suck up all sorts of liquid, and in this way their excreta—the familiar "fly-blows" or "fly-spots"—are often rendered infective. Moreover, the food absorbed passes first into a kind of reservoir or crop (comparable to the paunch or storage-stomach of a ruminant animal) from which it is subsequently regurgitated and eaten again, before finally entering the alimentary canal for digestion. These "vomit spots" may easily contaminate the vessels destined to contain our food and drink.

The house-fly is probably far less numerous in Britain nowadays than it was even two decades ago. Its favourite breeding-places were heaps of stable manure, and with the decline of horse-traffic consequent upon the multiplication of motor-cars and tractors, these have largely disappeared; while the rigorous enforcement of sanitary measures in all urban and many rural areas has contributed to the same desirable end. Nevertheless, since the total elimination of house-frequenting flies is not within the range of practical politics—and because even a few of these insects constitute a menace to health—the public cannot be too often warned against leaving milk and other comestibles uncovered during the summer months, or neglecting precautions to exclude flies as far as possible from food factories, larders, restaurants and living-rooms. The new D.D.T. insecticide in its various forms, though not perhaps the complete panacea that had been hoped, is undoubtedly a valuable deterrent, especially when sprinkled on window-ledge. As a poisonous bait for flies which have already invaded a building, sweetened milk laced with formalin in the proportion of one teaspoonful to the half-pint is recommended. The concoction should be left exposed overnight, all other liquids having been removed or well covered up. The old-fashioned sticky fly-paper, though unsightly, is not to be despised!

The pearly-white egg of the house-fly is cylindrically oblong and slightly curved ("banana-shaped"), a trifle broader at one end than the other, with two strengthening ridges along the inner side. With an average length of 1 mm. (the twenty-fifth of an inch), it is just visible to the naked eye when seen against a dark background. From 100 to 150 eggs are usually laid at one time, and the female is capable of depositing five or six such clutches in the course of her adult life of

a month or so in favourable weather. The larva is of a type very common among the more highly specialised Diptera, or two-winged flies. From its blunt hinder extremity the body tapers almost to a point, ending in two "oral lobes," between which a black mouth-hook protrudes. The minute head is withdrawn completely into this anterior segment, and so is not visible except when dissected out. The mouth-hook is used both for tearing food, which is absorbed in a semi-liquid state, and as a kind of grappling-iron when the larva is creeping, which, by means of certain roughened areas, or "locomotory pads," on its ventral side, it can do fairly quickly, backwards as well as forwards. From the sides of the second segment of the body a pair of tiny fan-shaped organs protrude. These are the anterior spiracles,

through which air is admitted to the respiratory tubes, or tracheæ; while a second much larger pair of spiracles is situated at the blunt posterior end. In the adult fly, as in the majority of insects, the spiracles are more numerous, and occur throughout the whole length of the body; but such an arrangement would obviously prove highly inconvenient in the case of a larva destined to dwell in moist filth—if, indeed, it did not lead to the creature's speedy death through suffocation.

When the larva has completed its feeding it usually rests for a short period before pupating. This process

does not involve the casting-off of the last larval skin, as happens with a butterfly or a beetle. On the contrary, the skin contracts and hardens into the reddish-brown, barrel-shaped case or "puparium" within which the pupa is formed. Breathing is effected through an inconspicuous pore at the juncture of the fourth and fifth segments, on the dorsal side. The perfect fly escapes from the puparium by pushing off the anterior end by means of a curious balloon-like contrivance termed the "ptilium" or "frontal-sac," which at the time of emergence is inflated and forced out from a narrow slit between the eyes—to be subsequently withdrawn, and not used again. In all but abnormally inclement seasons the house-fly begins to breed about mid-June and continues until October, multiplying most rapidly during August and September, when the life-cycle from egg to perfect insect may be accomplished in nine or ten days.

Strange to say, the manner in which in this country the interval between one fly-season and the next is bridged over still awaits a completely satisfying answer. At the approach of winter the majority of the adults have already died of old age or disease, but in buildings where the temperature is kept fairly high, and where food is available, a few house-flies may be found all the year round. Indeed, when local conditions have been exceptionally favourable they have been known to breed during the winter months. But it is questionable

whether a sufficient number of flies is maintained in these ways to account for the rapid multiplication which marks the return of summer; and all the available evidence goes to show that—in Britain, at all events—adult house-flies do not hibernate. On the other hand, a suggestion that our house-fly population may be regularly augmented by immigrants from the Continent—as is known to be the case with certain butterflies, notably the red admiral and the cabbage-whites—has been definitely turned down by the experts. In short, this problem still awaits solution.

The so-called house-fly is by no means the only one of its kind seen commonly in and about our dwellings. Frequent visitors, especially to the kitchen department, are the bluebottles, green-bottles and grey flesh-flies. These are easily recognised by their relatively large size and characteristic coloration; but two other common species—the stable-fly (*Stomoxys calcitrans*) and the lesser house-fly (*Fannia canicularis*)—are often confused by the uninitiated with the particular house-fly described in the foregoing paragraphs. The simplest way to tell them apart is to look at the wings when the insects are resting on a window-pane. In the wing of the house-fly the fourth longitudinal supporting rib, or "vein," is so sharply elbowed that it ends almost in contact with the third vein when the margin of the wing is reached. In the stable-fly this elbowing is far less pronounced, while in the lesser house-fly it does not occur at all. Furthermore, the stable-fly is one of the very few blood-suckers of the family group to which it belongs, and its tell-tale proboscis is plainly visible projecting horizontally forward in front of the head. The facts that it occasionally attacks human beings with this awl-like instrument, and that it is especially apt to enter houses when storms threaten, have given rise to the old saying that "flies begin to bite before rain."

Like many other pests, house-flies have their "natural enemies," the most destructive of which appears to be the mould or fungus *Empusa muscæ*. In the late summer or autumn the victims may be seen adhering to walls and window-panes surrounded by the white spores of this parasite.



JUST VISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE WHEN SEEN AGAINST A DARK BACKGROUND: THE PEARLY-WHITE EGG OF THE HOUSE-FLY WHICH IS "BANANA-SHAPED" AND 1.25 IN. IN LENGTH. (MAGNIFIED.)



SHOWING HOW THE BODY TAPERS ALMOST TO A POINT FROM THE BLUNT HINDER EXTREMITY: THE LARVA OF THE HOUSE-FLY IN WHICH THE MINUTE HEAD IS WITHDRAWN COMPLETELY INTO THE ANTERIOR SEGMENT. (MAGNIFIED.)



THE CHANGE FROM LARVA TO PUPA: PUPARIA OF THE HOUSE-FLY—REDDISH-BROWN, BARREL-SHAPED CASES FORMED BY THE CONTRACTED AND HARDENED SKIN OF THE LARVA. (MAGNIFIED.)

Photographs by Harold Bastin.

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THE FÜHRER'S FINAL PHOTOGRAPHS; AND NOTABLE EVENTS ILLUSTRATED.



ONE OF THE LAST PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN OF THE SELF-STYLED "GREATEST GERMAN OF ALL TIME": HITLER WITH HIS AIDE-DE-CAMP OUTSIDE THE BUNKER IN BERLIN.



TAKEN ON HIS BIRTHDAY—APRIL 20, 1945: HITLER WITH HIS AIDE-DE-CAMP SURVEYING THE WRECKAGE OF HIS REICH AS THE ALLIES SMASH BERLIN.

These photographs are probably the last to be taken of the self-styled "greatest German of all time"—Adolf Hitler—and show him on his birthday, April 20, 1945, outside the bunker in the Wilhelmstrasse where, ten days later, he died. With him is his aide-de-camp Obergruppenführer Julius Schaub. The prints were found in a Berlin suburban laboratory and were probably taken by one of Hitler's personal photographers.



VOTING IN THE ELECTIONS WHICH RESULTED IN THE OVERWHELMING DEFEAT OF HIS PARTY AFTER TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS' RULE: PRESIDENT İNÖNÜ, WHO IS EXPECTED TO LEAD THE NEW OPPOSITION. As a result of the elections held in Turkey on May 14 the People's Party, which is led by President İnönü, was defeated by the Democratic Party after holding power for twenty-seven years. The Democratic Party, led by M. Celal Bayar, won 434 seats, the People's Party 52 and the National Party one. Fourteen former Cabinet Ministers were not re-elected, but President İnönü, M. Cümbüş, the former Prime Minister, and M. Sadak, the former Foreign Minister, retained their seats in the Assembly.



LEADER OF THE TURKISH DEMOCRATIC PARTY, WHICH GAINED A MAJORITY OF 381 IN THE RECENT ELECTIONS: M. CELAL BAYAR TALKING TO AN AGED WOMAN DURING A PREVIOUS CAMPAIGN IN 1946.



IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO SAVE SOME OF HIS GOODS, THIS FLOOD-SURROUNDED WINNIPEG HOUSEHOLDER HAS LASHED HIS BICYCLES TO THE CHIMNEY AND SLUNG HIS CAR FROM A TREE.

By May 18 the level of the Red River flood waters at Winnipeg continued unchanged at 30'2 ft., for three days. Mr. Donald Stephens, Manitoba's Deputy Resources Minister, said that it would be at least ten days before it dropped to 25 ft., the point at which the threat of possible disaster might be regarded as past. By May 17, 100,000 persons had been evacuated from the city and people were still



MAROONED BY THE RED RIVER FLOODS IN THE WINNIPEG DISTRICT OF MANITOBA: A GROUP OF HORSES TRAPPED ON THE ISLAND FORMED BY A HAYSTACK.

leaving the district in large numbers. A fact-finding commission has been set up to inquire into the nature and extent of the damage, and this will determine what financial aid the Canadian Government will afford to Manitoba. Many offers of relief have been made; and on May 17 all parties in the House of Commons joined in supporting Mr. Attlee's message of sympathy with the sufferers.



A FEW satinwood pieces, a notable series of Astbury, Whieldon and Ralph Wood figures, and the rest of this show at Frank Partridge's Gallery, entitled "English Eighteenth-Century Furniture and Pottery" (though the show also includes seventeenth-century pieces) is walnut—lots of it, and as fine and sober and distinguished as has been seen in one place for a very long time. Not long ago I read a letter in a Sunday paper expressing alarm at the continued drain upon this country's inheritance as a result of the export drive: I remember similar protests a quarter of a century ago, when the boom in the United States was at its height and furniture and other works of art were crossing the Atlantic in great numbers. The drain has continued fairly steadily ever since, but in spite of those pessimistic estimates an exhibition of this character is still possible: clearly, though many things went, yet more remained.

Walnut, as far as the polite world is concerned, was in vogue for about seventy-five years—from the Restoration of 1660 until about 1725. After that, the warmer, richer-toned mahogany gradually became the only possible material for an up-to-date house. There are many people to-day who, much to my surprise, find walnut cold and unfriendly. I don't share this dislike, but comfort them with the reminder that they are of the same opinion as their ancestors of the middle and later years of the eighteenth century, who just couldn't bear it either, and banished it all to attic or stable, occasionally making a present of a piece or two to an 'old servant—hence, no doubt, those discoveries in remote cottages one sometimes hears about and often disbelieves, ingenious gentlemen of great commercial acumen having been known in the past to plant not quite virgin specimens in remote and modest little houses, where a white-haired, frail and obviously pious old character-actress would answer leading questions vaguely and, without actually making a statement, would leave the enquirer with the impression that her great-grandmother was housekeeper to the fourth Duke when he restored the original wing in 1767, and so forth. And why complain about this sort of thing? A really nice piece of furniture is all the better for a convincing pedigree, and the more preposterous that pedigree is, the more sparkling your dinner-table conversation.

I find that when people think of walnut they have in their mind's eye something very elaborately carved or bulbous and heavy, or both. A good many of the walnut pieces scattered around this country are in fact eighteenth-century Dutch, and are English and Queen Anne only by courtesy. The general impression appears to be derived from an as yet

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. SKILL AND FINE DESIGN IN ENGLISH CABINET-MAKING.

By FRANK DAVIS.

unwritten "History of English Furniture" in the style of "1666 and All That." For example, Nell Gwyn liked chairs with cane seats and intricate carved stretchers and backs, while Queen Anne preferred them with smooth, spade-shaped backs and cabriole legs. Both liked walnut, and between the time those two ladies flourished there came a period when King William III. and his Queen ordered some chairs with inordinately high backs and a notable clock or two for the new wing at Hampton Court. This nursery simplification has just enough truth in it to remove it from the realm

country houses. Moreover, in looking at what were then new fashions in walnut, and noting how taste gradually altered during these few decades, it is easy to overlook the continuing tradition of ordinary oak construction up and down the country—the work of the rustic joiner—and to underrate its influence upon design in a new world of delicate veneers. The point seems to me worth making, and I venture to illustrate it to my own—and, I hope, to others'—satisfaction by the nobly simple bookcase on a chest of drawers in Fig. 1. Here, I suggest, is a straightforward useful rectangular design which could be, and was, carried out in oak on numerous occasions.

Somewhere slightly before or after 1700 the same sensible design was translated into walnut without any of the fuss and ornamentation sometimes found at this period upon important pieces. The illustration gives a very fair indication of the intriguing patterns inherent in the grain of the walnut veneers and of the care with which the various strips of veneer were placed in position in all furniture of high quality; it is, in fact, this attention to detail of this meticulous sort which marks out the good from the indifferent piece. Note, for example, how in Fig. 2—the *escritoire* with folding top and drop front, the two large upright strips which form the door of the recessed cupboard are matched to form the pattern—you can, I think, detect the perpendicular line which divides (or should I say joins?) the two portions down the centre. Then there is Fig. 3 with its five spirally turned legs (hopelessly out of fashion by the accession of Queen Anne in 1702) and its beautiful series of oyster veneers. This oyster pattern was a favourite device—you take a smallish branch and cut it slantwise instead of at right-angles—it is as easy as that. The burr-walnut veneer is obtained by cutting across the burrs, which are characteristic of the tree.

If you examine good pieces carefully, you will find that the drawer-fronts, cross-bandings, and so on, are covered with one or other of these carefully chosen strips on a carcass of deal or sometimes of oak, while the large side pieces are of solid slabs of walnut cut across the grain, but lengthwise. I think these three examples give a very fair impression of the quality of this show, which consists of more than seventy items. For the benefit of the many, who are fascinated by that notable invention, the tallboy, I recommend especially a magnificent walnut example 6 ft. 4 ins. high, with five small and six long drawers with the original engraved "butterfly" brasses and escutcheons, and with reeded pilasters running from top to bottom. As far as I am aware it is many years since such good varied pieces from the William and Mary and Queen Anne periods have been gathered together in a single exhibition.



FIG. 1. A NOBLY SIMPLE PIECE: A WALNUT BOOKCASE ON A CHEST OF DRAWERS.

"Here," writes Frank Davis, "I suggest, is a straightforward useful rectangular design which could be, and was, carried out in oak on numerous occasions. Somewhere slightly before or after 1700, the same sensible design was translated into walnut. . . ."

of mere nonsense, but, like other popular notions, it leaves out a few rather important facts, one of which is that while there was undoubtedly this

tendency to great elaboration during the seventeenth century and a corresponding reaction to something much simpler at the beginning of the eighteenth, it is not really possible to generalise from luxurious pieces made for the very few.

It is almost inevitable, for example, that we should remember with special clarity the extraordinary writing-desk in the palace, and forget to some degree the six more modest pieces in six more modest



FIG. 2. ILLUSTRATING THE SKILL WITH WHICH THE PATTERNS IN THE GRAIN OF THE WALNUT VENEER ARE USED: AN *ESCRITOIRE* WITH FOLDING TOP AND DROP FRONT. The two large upright strips of walnut veneer which form the door of the recessed cupboard of this piece are matched to form the pattern in a most ingenious manner.



FIG. 3. SHOWING A PARTICULARLY FINE SERIES OF OYSTER VENEERS: A WALNUT PIECE OF REMARKABLE BEAUTY.

The oyster pattern was a favourite device of cabinet-makers working in walnut. "You take a smallish branch and cut it slantwise instead of at right-angles—it is as easy as that. . . ."

Illustrations by Courtesy of Frank Partridge and Sons.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:
PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



VICE-ADMIRAL A. C. G. MADDEN.

To be a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty, Second Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Personnel, in succession to Admiral Sir Cecil Harcourt; the appointment to take effect in September. He is well known for the part he played in negotiations during the Yangtse incident, and the subsequent escape of H.M.S. Amethyst.



DR. VLADIMIR HOUDEK.

Resigned on May 16 from his post as Permanent Representative of Czechoslovakia to the United Nations and has asked for political asylum in America. Dr. Houdek said that he was resigning because "Czechoslovakia has ceased to exist as an independent State" owing to the pressure of the Soviet Union.



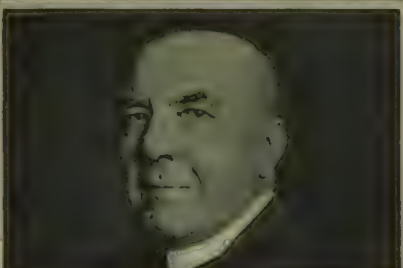
AT THE DEVON COUNTY SHOW: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER LOOKS AT THE KING'S PRIZE-WINNING BULL, BUTHAT DRUMMER BOY.

The three-day Devon County Show, held this year in the north of the county near Barnstaple, on Chivenor Airfield, opened the 1950 season of agricultural shows. The Duchess of Gloucester paid two visits, the first on the afternoon of the opening day, May 16, and the second on the following day, when she saw more of the wide range of farm activities and watched the jumping events.



ADMIRAL SIR CECIL HARCOURT.

To be C.-in-C. The Nore, in succession to Admiral Sir Henry R. Moore; the appointment to take effect in November 1950. Admiral Sir Cecil Harcourt, who was born in 1892, has been Second Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Personnel since 1949. In 1945 he accepted the surrender of the Japanese in Hong Kong.



DR. HANS SCHLANGE-SCHOENINGER.

Appointed German Consul-General in London, with the agreement of the British Government. Dr. Hans Schlange-Schoeninger is taking up his post early in June. He was Minister of Agriculture in the Bruning Government, and in 1946 became chief of the German Central Office for Food and Agriculture.



"WE HAVE BEEN ENGAGED IN THE CREATION OF A GREAT ATLANTIC BROTHERHOOD": THE TWELVE FOREIGN MINISTERS OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC COUNCIL HOLDING AN OPEN PRESS CONFERENCE AT THE CLOSE OF THEIR LAST SESSION AT LANCASTER HOUSE, LONDON, ON MAY 18.

More than 200 journalists from all over the world attended the final meeting of the twelve Foreign Ministers of the North Atlantic Council at Lancaster House on May 18. Our photograph shows (seated, l. to r.): Mr. Bevin (wearing glasses; Great Britain); Dr. da Matta (Portugal); M. Lange (Norway); Dr. Stikker (Netherlands); M. Bech (Luxembourg); Mr. Acheson (United States); Count Sforza (Italy); M. Benediktsson (Iceland); M. Schuman (France); M. Rasmussen (Denmark); Mr. Pearson (Canada); M. Van Zeeland (Belgium). All the twelve Ministers spoke at the meeting.



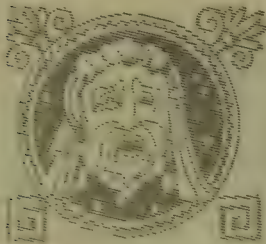
TWO BATSMEN WHO MADE A RECORD OPENING STAND: J. G. DEWES (LEFT) AND D. S. SHEPPARD. English cricket enthusiasts were encouraged by the magnificent first-wicket partnership of 343 by Dewes and Sheppard for Cambridge University against the West Indies at Fenner's on May 17. It was the biggest partnership in the history of Cambridge cricket and the biggest ever put up for the first wicket against a touring team in any part of the world.



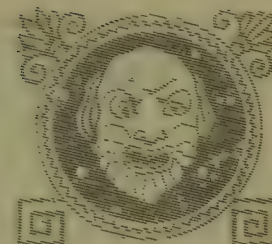
JOHN WISDEN, "THE LITTLE WONDER": THE FAMOUS FOUNDER OF "WISDEN'S ALMANACK." On May 18, the firm of John Wisden and Co. Ltd. celebrated their "One Hundred Not Out." This famous firm was founded in 1850 by one of the most famous of the mid-Victorian professional cricketers, a 5-ft.-4-ins.-tall fast bowler, who also started in 1864 the annual "cricketer's Bible." (From "The Illustrated Sporting News" of September 8, 1866.)



THE BRITISH WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: VICOMTESSE DE SAINT SAUVEUR (LEFT), THE WINNER, AND MRS. VALENTINE. The Vicomtesse de Saint Sauveur of Morfontaine, France, won the British Women's Golf Championship at Newcastle, Co. Down, Northern Ireland, on May 18. In the 36-hole final she defeated Mrs. George Valentine (née Jessie Anderson), who won the title in 1937. The Vicomtesse de Saint Sauveur, who is twenty-nine, is the holder of the French Close Championship and three other European titles.



The World of the Cinema.



THE SAVAGE IN US.

By ALAN DENT.

IN a volume of posthumous essays just published, Virginia Woolf has a notable dissertation on "The Cinema," which begins by giving the lie to those who opine that we are at the fag-end of civilisation and that the savage no longer exists in us. Such persons, declared Mrs. Woolf, "have never seen the savages of the twentieth-century watching the pictures . . . they have never sat themselves in front of the screen and thought how, for all the clothes on their backs and the carpets at their feet, no great distance separates them from those bright-eyed, naked men who knocked two bars of iron together and heard in that clangour a foretaste of the music of Mozart."

The ultimate point made in her essay, by this writer with the beautiful and questing mind, is that the cinema has been born fully-clothed and not, like the other arts, naked. This is not its virtue: it is its misfortune: "It can say everything before it has anything to say. It is as if the savage tribe, instead of finding two bars of iron to play with, had found scattering the seashore fiddles, flutes, saxophones, trumpets, grand pianos by Erard and Bechstein, and had begun with incredible energy, but without knowing a note of music, to hammer and thump upon them all at the same time."

It is a sad and pessimistic viewpoint, but there is much justice in it, even though the essay was written as long ago as 1926, i.e., still a few years before the first talking film. Many of the films I see to-day—and the reader should note that I do not comment upon all I see, since comment upon some would be a waste of that reader's time and attention—would seem to have been designed solely for the crude delectation of this savage which still lurks within us. Even the makers of the little-better-than-average film or the not-much-beneath-average film would seem to bear that savage well in mind. The savage, for example, is not at all impatient with improbable happenings so long as these improbabilities are whole-heartedly peppered with violence.

In a film like "No Man of Her Own," for example, the savage in us enjoys seeing Barbara Stanwyck

and she is welcomed at San Francisco by in-laws who, by flabbergasting good fortune had never seen so much as a photograph of her; is commiserated with on losing her husband in the railway accident; and generally is made as comfortable and as conscience-free as apparently boundless wealth can make a woman. The in-laws include a beaming old father and a



A FILM WHICH HAS "NOW AND AGAIN GLIMPSES OF ARTISTRY IN ITS MAKING": "THE DIVIDING LINE," SHOWING (L. TO R.) LOPO CHAVEZ (MAURICE JARA) AND PAUL RODRIGUEZ (LALO RIOS) BEING QUESTIONED BY THE POLICE AFTER A COLLISION WITH A CAR DRIVEN BY SOME WEALTHY YOUTHS FROM SANTA MARTA.

her very own), when her mother-in-law, who is devoted to both pseudo-daughter and sham grandson, has a heart-attack. And on top of all this there arrives a blackmailer (Lyle Bettger), who is in turn (a) paid by Patrice, (b) married by Patrice, forcibly, (c) shot by Patrice, and (d) thrown into a goods train by Patrice's next husband, the son and heir to the Harkness millions.

There's a feast for the savage in us! To allay a natural amount of protestation there is Miss Stanwyck's expressiveness even in the unlikely circumstances, the gracious presence of Jane Cowl as the mother-in-law (an actress who delighted London in Noel Coward's "Easy Virtue" twenty-four years ago), and a slick and suave portrayal of a blackmailer by Mr. Bettger who very nearly puts the last newcomer in this line, Richard Conte, out of count.

Another new film, "The Dividing Line," is a narration of events much more probable, though scarcely less violent. This is a study of mob-fury in a Mexican place called "Santa Marta," which has the ironic sobriquet of "The Friendly City." A young Mexican fruit-picker is lynched because, while defending his girl, he had struck blindly at a policeman. His defender at law also falls foul of the mob, and the newspaper which tried to do justice to the boy has its offices totally wrecked.

The film is alarming and nauseating. But it is well enough made to remind us of the remarkable picture called "Boomerang" of a year or so ago, and it is very similar indeed in subject. And the violence of it, alas, is not at all improbable violence! The savage in us is most marked when we form an angry crowd—when, animated by what we imagine to be a genuine indignation or a burning wrong, we behave with the destructiveness and utter unreason of a horde of inebriated apes. It is a spectacle low, horrible and degrading: but history, both past and contemporary, shows that it has often happened and still can happen.

The director of this film is called Joseph Losey, and one mentions his name because, here and there, we have a piercing conviction that he is a director



"A FEAST FOR THE SAVAGE IN US": "NO MAN OF HER OWN," SHOWING (L. TO R.) BARBARA STANWYCK AND PHYLLIS THAXTER HAVING A "WASH-AND-BRUSH-UP" IN THE DRESSING-ROOM ON A LONG-DISTANCE TRAIN BETWEEN NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO JUST BEFORE THERE IS A TERRIFIC CRASH IN WHICH THE TRAIN IS WRECKED.

in a terrible plight, even though the mind in us denies that such a plight could possibly have come about in real life. This is the situation. Two ladies—one of them this same popular and not untalented star—are having a "wash and brush-up" in a long-distance train between New York and San Francisco. Both are expectant mothers. Our star admires the other lady's ring, and the latter says—as ladies apparently will—"Try it on, dear." Miss Stanwyck, trying it on, is no sooner lost in admiration than the wash-room rapidly turns on one side, then upside down, then over and over. There is then complete blackness on the screen and total din from the sound-track for quite a while. Then in the heart of the darkness we see a muzz, which develops into a nebula, which resolves itself into a glare, which gradually becomes a lamp—none other than the operating-lamp over the table on which our film-star lies prostrate and helpless.

Our heroine emerges from the ordeal with an infant son and a new name. She is now Mrs. Patrice Harkness

the deceased John—who is calling his new-found sister-in-law "Pat" in no time, the while the infant is dandled and fondled without any murmur of doubt that he is not a Harkness all over, every dimple of him.

Impostures, even with railway accidents to help, are not, of course, easy to carry through—especially when the impostor, like Patrice, is not very nimble-minded. For example, when the family circle elects to hear poor dear John's favourite tune, "Cockles and Mussels," played by his young brother on the piano, Patrice is not at all "alive, alive-O," but blurts out: "That's nice—I've never heard it before!" And later, when the same young man goes Christmas-shopping with Patrice and asks her to try a new fountain-pen, it is crass of her, to say the least, to write her real name instead of the one inside her wedding-ring. Indeed, one way and another, Patrice is making quite a mess of being Patrice and is on the point of running away with her baby (which is, after all,

This week Mr. Dent discusses two new American films, "No Man of Her Own" (Paramount) and "The Dividing Line." In the former "the savage in us enjoys seeing Barbara Stanwyck in a terrible plight, even though the mind in us denies that such a plight could possibly have come about in real life." "The Dividing Line" (Paramount) is described by Mr. Dent as a narration of events much more probable, though scarcely less violent.

benignant old mother and—best of all—an only brother—
younger than
but just as
handsome as



"GENERALLY MADE AS COMFORTABLE AND AS CONSCIENCE-FREE AS APPARENTLY BOUNDLESS WEALTH CAN MAKE A WOMAN": BARBARA STANWYCK POSING AS MRS. PATRICE HARKNESS IN "NO MAN OF HER OWN," WITH HER BABY, HER MOTHER-IN-LAW, MRS. HARKNESS (JANE COWL), AND BILL HARKNESS (JOHN LUND), IN SAN FRANCISCO.

of importance, or will be later. For "The Dividing Line"—with its dire and apparently insuperable motif of "man's inhumanity to man"—has now and again glimpses of artistry in its making: a sharply ironic shot of two silly girls too busily eating ice-cream to notice the all-important shout of a newsboy, or later and near the end, an illuminating shot of the mob itself outside the wrecked newspaper office, with one or two of its components overcome with a misgiving that seems about to turn to shame. Such things remind us of something that Virginia Woolf could sense behind the subnormal film's all-pervading savagery, of instants prolonged occasionally to whole interludes, "when some momentary assembly of colour, sound, movement, suggests that here is a scene waiting a new art to be transfigured. And sometimes at the cinema in the midst of its immense dexterity and enormous technical proficiency, the curtain parts and we behold, far off, some unknown and unexpected beauty."

FROM INSIDE AND OUTSIDE: A CRUISING SUBMARINE EQUIPPED WITH A "SNORT" DEVICE.



RECENTLY DEMONSTRATED IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR AND AT SEA: THE CAMOUFLAGED "SNORT" OF H.M.S. ARTEMIS SEEN WITH THE BALL-FLOAT ABOUT TO CLOSE AS THE SUBMARINE SUBMERGES.

A DEMONSTRATION was held recently in Portsmouth Harbour and at sea of the British submarine "breathing" device the "Snort." The "Snort," which is an improvement on the "Schnorkel" device employed by the Germans during World War II., enables a submarine to run while submerged on its Diesel engines, and therefore at a greater speed. In our issue of April 8 we published the first photographs of a submerged submarine running on her Diesel engines, which were taken while submarines were exercising in the Channel. The vessels taking part in the recent Portsmouth demonstration

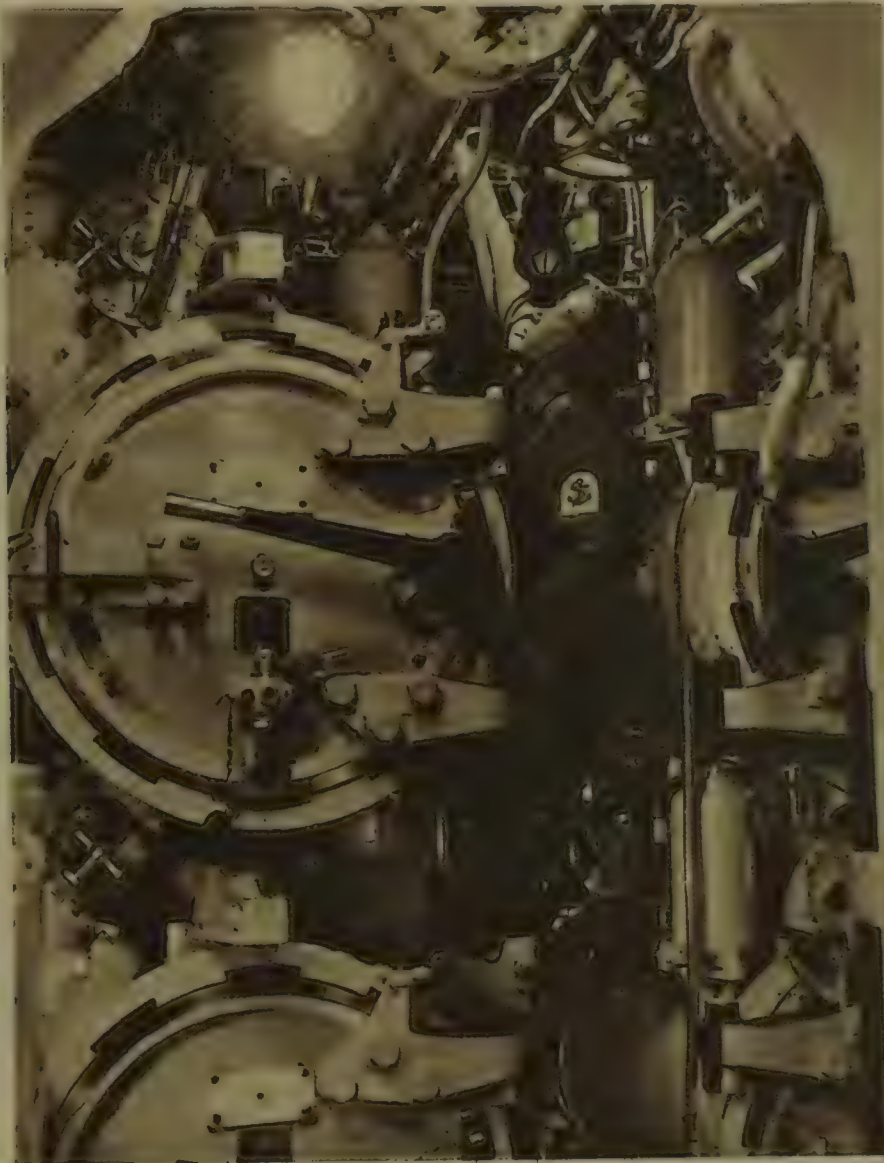
[Continued below, right.]



CLEARING THE BALL-FLOAT OF THE "SNORT" HEAD. WHEN IT IS IN POSITION IT PREVENTS WATER FROM ENTERING THE MOUTH OF THE DEVICE.



LIFE ABOARD A SUBMARINE: A VIEW THROUGH THE BULKHEAD DOORS ABOARD H.M.S. TUDOR, SHOWING THE ENGINE-ROOM, AND CREW AT THEIR STATIONS.



SHOWING THE UNAVOIDABLY CRAMPED QUARTERS IN WHICH A SUBMARINE CREW WORKS: LEADING SEAMAN EVANS, THE TORPEDO-FIRING NUMBER, IN HIS POSITION BETWEEN THE TORPEDO-TUBES ABOARD H.M.S. TUDOR DURING A RECENT EXERCISE.

[Continued.] were H.M.S. Artemis and H.M.S. Tudor. Artemis, completed in 1947, is one of the "A"-class submarines, which are understood to have been designed for service in the Pacific, and have a different hull form from the "T" type. All possess "Snort" breathing equipment. H.M.S. Tudor, completed in 1944, is a "T"-class submarine, officially described as "Patrol type" for general service. On this page we show two close-up views of the "Snort" equipment and also show the engine-room and torpedo compartment of H.M.S. Tudor, which has a complement of fifty-nine.

KENWOOD
HOUSE
REOPENED, AND
ITS TREASURES
ON VIEW
AGAIN.



A GENTLEMAN'S RESIDENCE OF THE LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY LEFT TO THE NATION BY THE FIRST EARL OF IVEAGH: KENWOOD HOUSE, A VIEW TAKEN FROM HAMPSHIRE HEATH.



ADDED IN 1767 BY ROBERT ADAM TO THE ORDER OF THE FIRST EARL OF MANSFIELD: THE ADAM ROOM, SHOWING THE ROUNDED END.

THE reopening of the mansion of Kenwood, with its noble rooms, fine collection of paintings and furniture, is an important event for all Londoners. The first Earl of Iveagh, at his death in 1927, left Kenwood, its contents and its grounds, to the nation to be preserved as a fine example of the seat of an eighteenth-century gentleman of taste and sensibility. The park was handed over in trust to the London County Council, and the mansion to private trustees who maintained it out of the trust funds bequeathed for the purpose. These have proved inadequate to meet present-day costs, and, at the request of the

(Continued below.)



CONTAINING FINE CHIPPENDALE FURNITURE: THE DINING-ROOM, WITH VAN DYCK'S "HENRIETTA OF LORRAINE" OVER THE MANTELPIECE.



SHOWING THE CEILING AND WALL PANELS PAINTED BY ANTONIO ZUCCHI: A VIEW OF THE ADAM ROOM, WITH ITS SCREEN OF COLUMNS.



A SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF ROBERT ADAM: DETAIL OF THE FINE CEILING OF THE ADAM ROOM, WITH PAINTINGS BY ZUCCHI.

Continued.

trustees, the Council agreed in March, 1949, to become responsible for the house, which had remained closed during the war, although the grounds were open. On May 17 the Lord Chancellor formally reopened the mansion at a ceremony over which Mr. J. W. Bowen, chairman of the L.C.C., presided. The original house of Kenwood is believed to have been built by John Bill, King's Printer, who purchased the land in 1616. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the property changed hands frequently, and in 1754 William Murray, the Attorney-General and later Lord Chief Justice, acquired it, and in 1767 commissioned Robert Adam to make improvements. It is largely on Adam's work, that the present character of the mansion depends. He designed a new façade for the south front in stucco, but this perished and much of the ornamental detail has never been restored. The salon known as the Adam Room is an outstanding example of his work and the design of the ceiling of the front hall is his, with painting by Angelica Kauffman.

MASTERPIECES OF THE IVEAGH BEQUEST: KENWOOD PAINTINGS RECENTLY CLEANED.



"VIEW ON THE RIVER MAAS"; BY AELBERT CUYP (1620-1691). AN EXTREMELY FINE EXAMPLE OF DUTCH PAINTING IN THE IVEAGH BEQUEST—ONE OF THE RECENTLY-CLEANED KENWOOD TREASURES.



"THE GUITAR PLAYER"; BY JAN VERMEER (1632-1675). A FAMOUS WORK BY ONE OF THE RAREST AND MOST UNIVERSALLY ADMIRERS OF THE PAINTERS OF THE LOW COUNTRIES.

THE Iveagh Bequest of Kenwood, its grounds and its contents, made, as noted on our facing page, by the first Earl of Iveagh on his death in 1927, includes a highly important collection of sixty-three paintings. The English School is strongly represented in works by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, Lawrence, Crome, Morland and Landseer, while there are also some extremely fine Dutch pictures in the collection, headed by Vermeer's "The Guitar Player," and a Rembrandt self-portrait in old age. Those who were accustomed to visit Kenwood before the war will recall that a number of these important paintings were in a bad state. This is being

[Continued below.]



"PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER IN OLD AGE"; BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (1606-1669). THE AUGUST SPLENDOR OF THIS WORK HAS BEEN REVEALED BY RECENT CLEANING. [Continued.] The whole collection has been rehung, and several of the most important paintings have been admirably cleaned by Mr. H. Buttery, and are in beautiful condition. These include the works reproduced on this page and also "Mary, Countess Howe," by Gainsborough, and "Landscape, with Figures at the Door of an Inn," by George Morland. The Rembrandt is a splendid painting, of great



"A MAN WITH A CANE"; BY FRANZ HALS (1580-1666). THE EASE AND BRILLIANCE OF HALS' WORK IS COMBINED WITH A TREMENDOUS POWER AND VITALITY AND, INDEED, HIS PORTRAITS ARE THE LAST WORD IN REPRESENTATIONAL LIKENESSES.

profundity as a study of character, and to see it in its present excellent condition is an unforgettable æsthetic experience. Kenwood House is now open all the year round to the public, except on Christmas Day and Good Friday, on week-days from 10 to 6 (Sundays from 2.30) or a quarter of an hour after sunset, whichever is the earlier. Admission is free except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when the charge is 1s. A new catalogue of the Iveagh Bequest, with an account of the house and the collection, by Mr. Robert H. Matthew, Architect to the Council, has been published by the London County Council at the price of 6d. The collection now on view includes pictures and furniture loaned by members of Lord Iveagh's family; and visitors should not fail to note the dummy bridge placed by Adam for effect at the end of the lake.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THIS week there is a problem of where to start—a great equality of skill, and almost complete unlikeliness. But for hearty and substantial pleasure, I advise "The Snow Mountain," by Ludwig Bemelmans (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.). The mountain is Tyrolean, and its way of life has a broad simplicity, unconscious of the world below. From age to age, its men have been addicted to a "powerful silence." For as nothing changes, and they want nothing, there is nothing to talk about; in leisure moments they just sit around, appreciating one another's worth. Danger is a part of their lives; catastrophes occur, and votive tablets mark the spot, commemorating death or rescue—and they sit around as usual. In the village of Aspen, Tannegg is a name that sums it all up. It appears on seventeen skulls in the village bone-house, and on more than one votive tablet. The Alpenrose, the biggest inn, has always been kept by Tanneggs; and in its lesser dining-room, the Stüberl, silence is maintained regularly.

But to every corner of the world change must come. In Aspen it begins with skiing—at first a personal craze, then a fashion on the lower slopes, then a rising tide. Soon all the villagers are letting rooms; and after that it is a short step to Haberdietzl, and the Hotel Enzian. Haberdietzl is not a villager; he comes from the next-door province, whose people are suspected of a keen business eye. Accordingly, he rears a monstrous pile roofed with tin, and crammed with all the tourists it can hold. At first they are easy money; they will submit to anything, and gladly sleep in a bath. But presently hotels are going up all round, and some attraction must be offered—not merely size, but luxury. Herr Haberdietzl can buy the fittings, but he can't deal with guests; they make him nervous and he screams at them. As that will no longer do, he is obliged to hire a Swiss manager, who brings his own *maitre d'hôtel*. Once more the Enzian is in the front rank; whereas the Alpenrose is less than nothing, a vulgar Gasthof.

But greater changes are at hand: the Anschluss and Nazi rule, the war and the defeat of Germany, the French occupation. We see them all as they impinge on the hotel front; and that means chiefly through the eyes of Herr Haberdietzl. Needless to say, he cashes in, and though the guests are different the hotel goes on nicely. After the war it still goes on—but its creator is lost to view. While at the Alpenrose, the reigning Tannegg is himself again. He never was much disturbed; at trying moments he could always take his old hat, and disappear into the mountains.

Mr. Bemelmans is writing of his native place. He wasn't there at the time, but he can vouch for everything. And he is full of good stories, of unexpected angles and, of course, of fun.

"Every Man a Penny," by Bruce Marshall (Constable; 12s. 6d.), covers much the same span of years—only on other ground, to quite another tune. The Tyrol is exchanged for Paris, the hotel trade for the Church Militant, and peasant shrewdness for devout *naïveté*. The Abbé Gaston is an extra curate at the church of St. Clovis. He has a tiny income of his own, a garret and a cat. He will never rise, and he has almost no room to fall. But for that he would be sent down lower; for his only gifts are faith, hope and charity, which cut no ice.

In 1914 he is called up as a private, and rejoices with childlike joy. The cause of France is always just. The Church will have a new lease of life. . . . It ends in nothing but a game leg, an unbelieving chum and an increase in the cost of living. But the Abbé Gaston trusts on; he feels the world is ripe, if it could only hear the right words. Not that he can find them, even to convert his friend Bessier. Lame, humble, unconsidered, he pursues his way through worse times, and sees the foolish wisdom of the world preparing a new catastrophe. He weeps for the defeat of France. He risks his life for both friend and foe—and his reward in victory is blindness and near-starvation. Yet he is a happy man, after all. Service has been its own reward, as self-love is its own punishment.

This is a very clever book indeed, rich in play and persiflage, ironic banter of the world, and what the writer calls "holy jokes." And the Abbé, with his little weaknesses and great, despised goodness, is lovable to a degree. In fact, I think he is overdone. I think the whole effect is overdone. The style, with its naïve repetitions, its affectation of *simplesse*, began to get on my nerves. For instance—"The Abbé loved the rector these days almost as though he had striped fur and could miaow and purr at the same time." No, one can have too much of it.

"The Alabaster Cup," by F. Tennyson Jesse (Evans; 8s. 6d.), is very slight and beautifully done. It is the little story of an unimportant old woman who, for a time, was everything to one lonely child. Ginnie de Lisle had no one else except Papa and Mama, who were neglectful, unpredictable and always quarrelling. She had to love, and since Papa took no notice of her she was devoted to Mama. But Enid gave nothing back, except a bout of fondness when the whim took her. All the sunshine of life, all presents, holidays and treats, came with Nare, the angelic visitant, the unofficial nanny. The de Lisles were always buzzing round the globe in search of an ideal climate; and when they chose the wrong place again, it was always Nare who came out and rescued them. Enid was the world to Nare, grabbed all her benefits, and slighted her because she was not a "lady." And so the child suffered too, and felt ashamed for Enid, miserable for Nare. . . .

Which is almost all. All there is of Nare; but then we have Ginnie's childhood, her solitary thoughts and her fantastic elders. I should be inclined to call that the real story; and it has the sharpness and inconsequence of real life.

"Here is the Evidence," by Philippa Vane (Hammond; 8s. 6d.), is a detective novel of the cosy type. And therefore English, I need hardly say. But the scene is Jersey. Rosalind has gone to help her aunt at Les Brises de Mer, and witnesses the frightful advent of a new partner, a niece by marriage. Mrs. Kenyon had never seen her, but accepted her by correspondence as a sweet little thing. She proves to be a scourge, a juggernaut. And then she falls from a cliff, and the hotel breathes again. Only—will there be a verdict of misadventure? The local chief of police—known as the Centenier—is all for crime; and if it was a crime, then they are all suspect. It is a good story, with an excellent surprise; indeed, more than one. And it is also very appealing.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

ON GIVING THE ODDS OF A KNIGHT.

FIRST a very short story.

Alekhine walked into a café and was challenged to a game of chess. "Very well, I'll give you the odds of a knight," he replied. "But, Monsieur," protested the other, "should we not play at any rate one game level? You do not know me."—"If I could not give you the odds of a knight, I should know you!" was the Champion's justified reply.

Next, a longer one.

THE STRANGER WAS SHAKEN!

Emanuel Lasker was challenged to a game of chess by a stranger who, failing to recognise him, offered to give him a knight start. The then World Champion, with the germ of a mischievous idea in his brain, meekly acquiesced . . . and managed to lose quickly! A second and third game went the same way. "If we play again, I must give you more start," said the victor: "Perhaps a rook?"—"No," said Lasker, "I believe this giving away a knight is a trick. I believe it's easier to play with only one knight against two. Let me start a knight down against you and we'll soon see a change!" Lasker's opponent was loud in his derision, but eventually agreed. To his astonishment, Lasker won. They played again on the same terms; again Lasker won. They reversed the conditions so that Lasker started a knight up—but now he lost. By the end of the evening the spectators crowding round the board were almost convinced that a knight is merely a nuisance. Whether sanity ever returned, the story does not tell.

IS CHESS SO SANE, AFTER ALL?

But is chess so sane?

Take the Muzio Gambit, a delightful offshoot of the King's Gambit. Here is a standard line in this historic opening:

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P-K4	P-K4
2. P-KB4	P×P
3. Kt-KB3	P-KKt4
4. B-B4	P-Kt5
5. Castles!	P×Kt
6. B×Pch.	K×B
7. Q×P	Q-B3
8. P-K5!	Q×P
9. P-Q4	Q×Pch.
10. B-K3	

White may seem to be bent on suicide, but his play has been at least as good as Black's. If he simply plays 6. Q×P now, though a knight down, he has three pieces in play and an attack on Black's KBP in preparation, whereas Black has no pieces in play at all but has weakened his king's wing. Sober theorists consider the chances even.

However, White may play even more speculatively, sacrificing yet another piece to bare the black king completely.

A WORSE-THAN-USELESS KNIGHT.

You might spend the best part of a pleasant evening going into the possibilities that now arise. You would find that, in some lines of play, White can win quickly. In others, Black escapes. But try removing White's knight from the board, so that his queen's rook can come to K1 or KB1 in a move, if ever Black plays his king on to the king's file or king's bishop's file respectively—and you will make the astonishing discovery that White can now win in every variation.

In other words, had White given the odds of his queen's knight and started without it, he would now win. With his queen's knight on, he loses. In this position the knight is not only useless but actually gets in the way!

Of course, I should not dream of hoaxing you in these columns as Lasker hoaxed his odds-giving acquaintance!

its effects on climbers—whether the foolhardy young Germans attempting to storm the terrible Eiger Nordwand or the groups of escapers of all nations (often, as she says, "led by Cockneys") who made their way over the passes from Italy into Switzerland during the late war. Mlle. Engel's book is one of the most complete histories of mountaineering produced. There is plenty of vivid reconstruction and description—and plenty of humour. I particularly liked her description of how the Geneveve guide, Raymond Lambert, climbing an exceedingly dangerous face of the Aiguilles du Diabole with a French lady before the war, remarked that "Mme. d'Albertas has quite enough of it; she thinks the climb is very long." No doubt, as Mlle. Engel remarks, "she was right: they had been moving for forty-two hours." A fine book.

While on the subject I do recommend "Swiss Stained Glass of the Fourteenth Century" (Batsford; 21s.). The illustrations—a first-class piece of colour printing—show the glass of the monastery church of Koenigsfelden and the whole scholarly book is of interest to the connoisseur.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A LITTLE VILLAIN, A GREAT MAN AND OTHERS.

BUSHRANGERS still bulked large in the more exciting, if deplorable, literature of my youth. If they ran second in popularity to the Buffalo Bills, we felt a little guilty about this preference, as bushrangers were an authentic Empire product and as such to be accorded respect. It was therefore with pleasant anticipation that I opened "Australian Son," by Max Brown (Phoenix; 12s. 6d.). It is the story of Ned Kelly, probably most famous of the bushrangers who, with his gang, was responsible for the death of several men and defied the police of Victoria and New South Wales (who seem to have been

pretty average inept) for two years, before he was cornered, wounded, captured and hanged in Melbourne in 1880. It is (or should be) a simple cautionary tale of how "crime doesn't pay." But not in the hands of Mr. Brown, of whom we learn the interesting facts, in one of the blurbs, that he has a "passion for Gauguin, Bach, Fats Waller, the aesthetics of Christopher Caudwell (sic) and the plays of Sophocles." He is further (we are informed) "keen on sport." I must confess that Mr. Brown's silly class-conscious, anti-British book leaves me with no kind of passion for Mr. Brown. Nothing ever excites more curiosity than a pasted-over notice. Interested in the fact that the front-cover blurb was obviously a substitute which had been stuck on, I was amused to read (with the aid of a strong light and a mirror) that "Kelly was more than a brave man. He has become Australia's number one folk hero, because in an odd fashion he represents the growth of militant Australian character as distinct from the direct continuance of the English tradition by the Australian élite of his day." Fair enough. If Mr. Brown and a few—a very few, no doubt—of his fellow-Australians really feel that a thief and murderer was an admirable character, no harm is done—except perhaps to Commonwealth relations. But to dress this thief and murderer up as a champion of nascent social-democracy and Australian nationalism is surely a little much. Mr. Brown himself quotes newspaper accounts of Kelly's first conviction. "The misguided youth, to judge by his jaunty air, considers himself a character to be admired." How lamentably often in the present crime-wave do juvenile delinquents display the same attitude—but no one at Transport House (as far as I know) seriously puts them forward as future Socialist Prime Ministers. It is only a little step from Mr. Brown's thesis to claiming that Al Capone was the spiritual author of the Tennessee Valley Project and the New Deal, and Jack the Ripper, in this country, of the National Health Service and the Welfare State. However, enough of this distasteful subject.

From an unattractive book to an attractive one. "The Roosevelt Letters" (Harrap; 21s.) are the second volume of the late President's letters edited by his son Elliott and cover the years from 1905-1928. They were the years when he grew to political maturity. But they were also the years when, in overcoming the immense physical and mental shock—to a man who always prided himself on his physical powers—caused by his infantile paralysis, he discovered hidden sources of strength in himself. The Roosevelt, who maintained the cause of democracy in his early communications with "Naval Person" and who saw that cause through to the very eve of victory, was more surely forged in the General Presbyterian Hospital in New York, and while religiously doing his restorative exercises, than in the earlier cut-and-thrust of internal politics recorded in these delightful letters. It is not for an outsider to interfere in the internal affairs of any other nation, but it is sometimes a little difficult for us to understand the undoubted deep, bitter, venomous hatred felt by many Americans for Franklin Delano Roosevelt. That the famous charm was not just an "act" for the outsider is proved by the warmth, affection and courage of the great man who could write so seriously when he chose but unbend like a schoolboy at other times, and who ended his letters to his wife with a cheerful: "Loads of love, kiss the chicks."

Two young Americans, far removed from the great world of politics and Washington, had already made a name for themselves in the literature of pioneering with their earlier book, "We Live in Alaska." They now follow it up with "We Live in the Arctic," by Constance and Harmon Helmericks (Hodder and Stoughton; 20s.).

This is a simple, clearly-told and interesting tale of how the Helmericks spent many months in a virtually unexplored part of Alaska, building their own log cabin, hunting, trapping, encountering many dangers nonchalantly dismissed, observing keenly and never once (as far as I can see) drawing an anti-capitalist moral—as Mr. Brown would have done—from the behaviour of the grizzly they shot or seeing symbols of the decadent "English gentry" in the wolves in their silver Arctic coats they saw tracking the great herds of caribou.

Even those who have climbed or ski-ed in the High Alps in bad conditions can have little conception of the Arctic cold where, the Helmericks tell us, "it is usual to leave guns out of doors, because if they are brought inside after use they become covered with frost that melts, leaving the gun as wet as though it were soaked in water."

Cold—particularly the deadly cold brought by a mountain wind—is, however, the climber's greatest enemy. Mlle. Claire Elaine Engel, in "A History of Mountaineering in the Alps" (Allen and Unwin; 21s.), tells many harrowing stories of

E. D. O'BRIEN.

RESCUING LIFE AT SEA YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY:
A LIFEBOAT AND LIFE-SAVING EXHIBITION.



RESCUING THE CREW OF A WRECKED SHIP OFF TYNEMOUTH CASTLE: A PAINTING OF THE FIRST ENGLISH LIFEBOAT WHICH CAN BE SEEN AT GREENWICH.



BUILT IN 1789 BY HENRY GATESHEAD, OF SOUTH SHIELDS: THE FIRST LIFEBOAT—A MODEL OF THE ORIGINAL WHICH WAS DASHED ON TO THE ROCKS AND BROKEN UP IN 1830.



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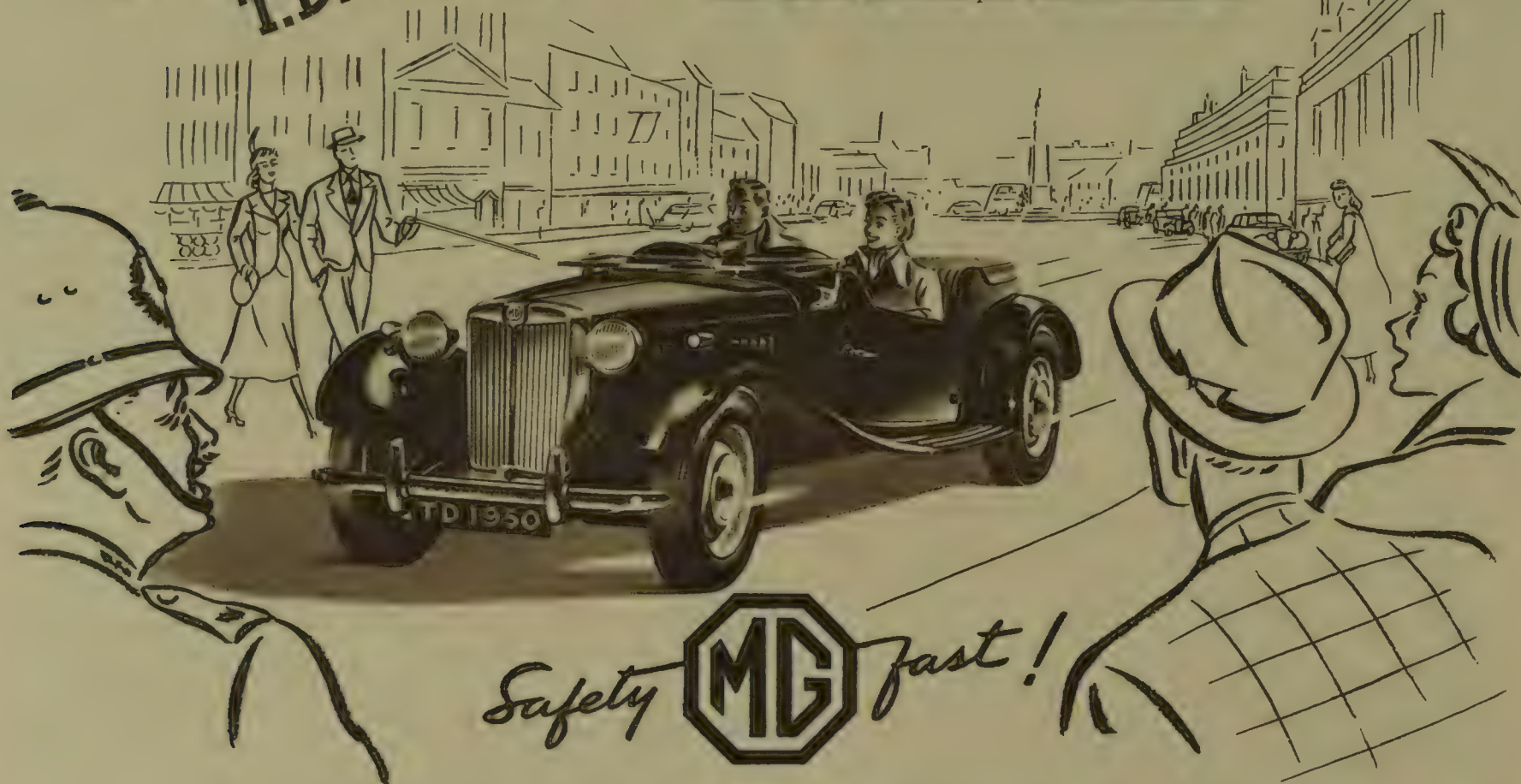
FIRED ELECTRICALLY BY REMOTE CONTROL: AN UP-TO-DATE RESCUE CORDITE ROCKET AND PROJECTOR AS USED BY H.M. COASTGUARDS.

A special exhibition illustrating lifeboats and life-saving apparatus was opened on Lifeboat Day, May 16, by the Mayor of Greenwich, Councillor G. Bruce, at the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich. The greater part of the exhibition is assembled in the Print Room of the Museum, and it consists largely of models lent by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, supplemented by pictures, photographs, plans and manuscripts dealing with the history and development of this great

life-saving organisation. Outside, in the Museum grounds, is a full-sized pulling-and-sailing lifeboat of the old type on its launching carriage; there is also a rocket life-saving apparatus, as used by H.M. Coastguards, lent by the Ministry of Transport. Among the portraits exhibited is one of the founder of the Lifeboat Institution, Sir William Hillary; and a picture of Coxswain Blogg, of the Cromer boat, the most famous of modern coxswains. The exhibition will continue until June 10.

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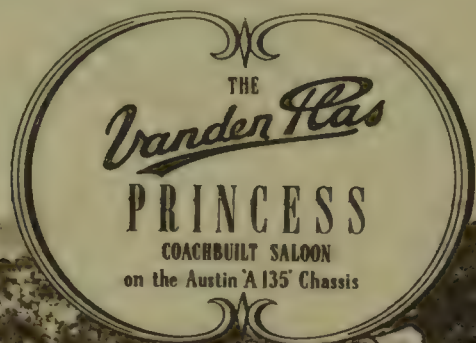
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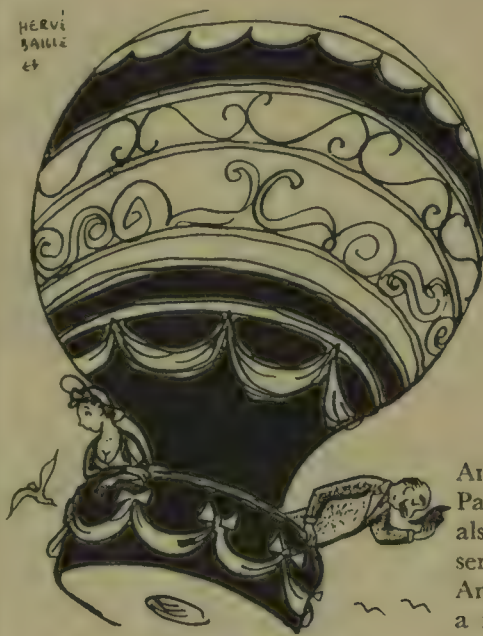
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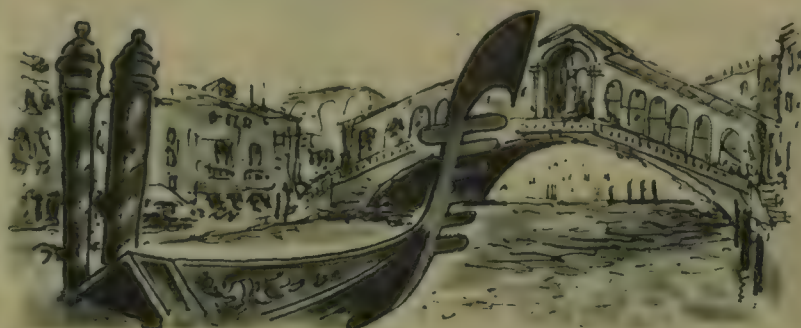
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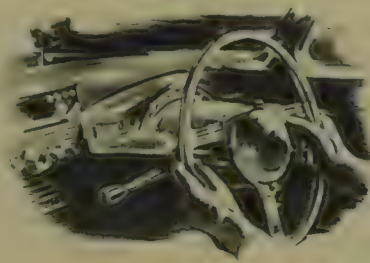
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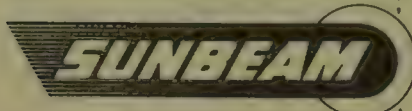
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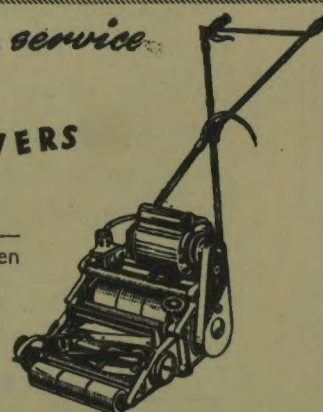
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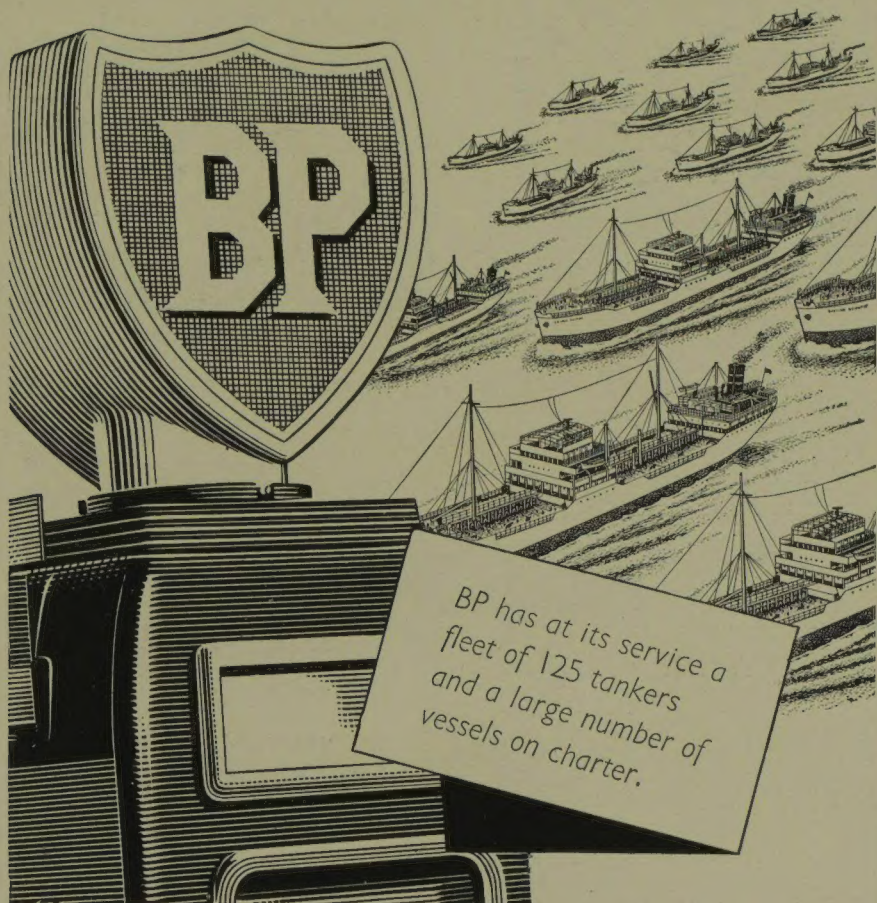
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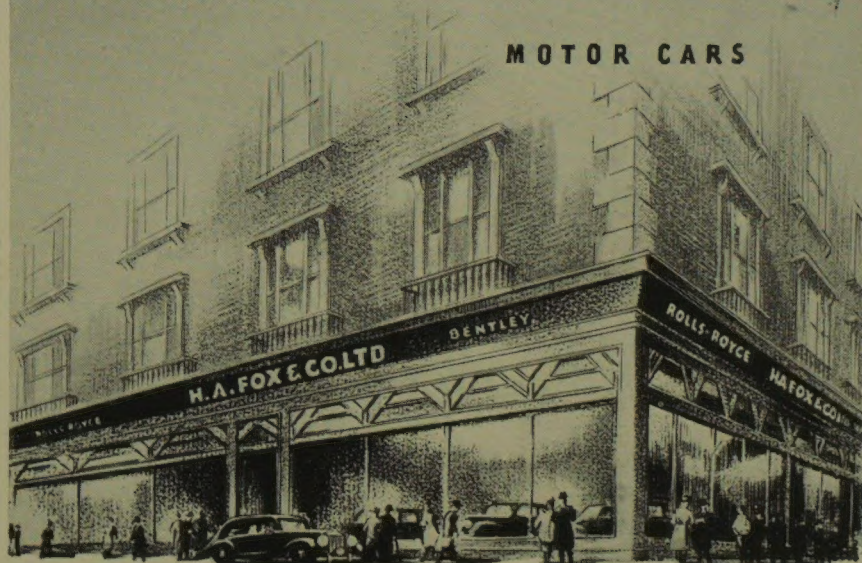
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